The Outlook

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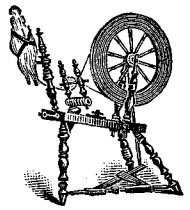

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The Outlook

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The New York and Pennsylvania Campaign

Interest in the elections (the results of which are not known at this writing) is chiefly focused on New York and Pennsylvania. Colonel Roosevelt has continued his aggressive campaign to the very eve of election day, making many speeches and visiting nearly every portion of the State. As the canvass has progressed he has devoted more and more attention to State issues, vigorously attacking Crokerism in the matter of the judiciary nominations and on the score of the "wide-open New York." He has repeatedly promised to do all in his power, if elected to the Governorship, to reform the administration of the canals, and to punish every man found guilty of past wrong-doing. His opponent, Judge Van Wyck, has made very few speeches, and in those has confined himself to the canal issue. His statement of the evils of the present canal management has been cogent and doubtless effective. In the last days of the campaign it has been the evident purpose of the Democratic managers to use every possible effort to get out a heavy "up-State" vote for their candidate on the canal question, in order to offset the defections from their ranks in the city of New York which they foresaw would result from the agitation of the judiciary and other Tammany issues. The currency question was prominent, of course, throughout the campaign. The Republicans forced it to the front in appealing to "sound-money" men to elect their candidates to the Legislature which will have the choosing of a successor to the Hon. Edward Murphy, Jr., in the United States Senate. Oddly enough, in New York City the success of the Democratic Congressional candidates (with one exception) may or may not mean so many votes for free silver in the House of Representatives; for nobody knows, from anything that those candidates have said since their nomination, whether they would support free coinage at 16 to 1 or not. The Chicago platform Democrats, having failed to get their ticket on the official ballot, will be counted for Van Wyck and the regular ticket of their party. There is no mistaking the real issue in Pennsylvania, so far at least as the State offices and the Legislature have been concerned. It is Quayism, and that only. It is a case in which National, State, and local politics are inextricably mixed. Some Republicans who wish to smash the Quay machine through the defeat of the machine's candidate for Governor, Colonel Stone, think that the surest way to accomplish this is to vote for the Democratic candidate, Mr. Jenks. Others, fearful of the demoralization of their party that might result from the election of a Democrat to the Governorship, prefer to support Dr. Swallow. Thus the opposition to the machine is divided, as it has been in years past. In the election of the Legislature, however, the anti-Quay Republicans have been able to mass their strength more effectively—with what result our readers will know before this issue of The Outlook reaches them.

❀

The Elections Elsewhere

Outside of Pennsylvania and New York the condition of "apathy" indicated early in the fall by the Maine and Vermont elections seems to persist over a great part of the country. In most of New England there is only a lukewarm interest. Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Hampshire are electing Governors, and the Legislatures of the two former States now elected will choose successors to Senators Lodge and Hawley, respectively. The question of "imperialism," while a great deal is being said about it in New England nowadays, plays a very slight part in the Congressional elections. The Democratic platforms condemn the management of the war by the National Administra-

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tion. The Rhode Island Democrats demand the retention of the Phillippines. "Anti-ring" sentiment has developed in the Republican party in Wisconsin and Minnesota. In Wisconsin an effort was made to propitiate this sentiment in the platform, as has been shown in The Outlook. No such attempt was made in Minnesota, and the opposition to the machine is vigorous. In neither of these States was Democratic-Populist fusion a success. Free silver has not been gaining ground, of late, in the upper Mississippi valley. The Republican party of Iowa has already once carried the State on a gold-standard platform. In Kansas and Nebraska fusion is still potent, and party conditions are much the same as in 1896. Farther west the Republicans are more generally committed to gold than heretofore. In Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, California, and Washington they have fought the present campaign on the financial plank of the St. Louis platform; but in Colorado no party stands on that platform. The two factions of the Colorado silver Republicans effected a union in the last days of the campaign. The question of free coinage at 16 to 1 has probably been discussed more thoroughly in the State of Washington than anywhere else in the United States this year. The Republicans of that State declared in September, "We favor the existing gold standard and oppose the free and unlimited coinage of silver." In the Pacific coast States all parties unreservedly favor territorial expansion. Both Washington and South Dakota vote this year on woman-suffrage amendments to their State constitutions. Women voters in Utah have taken an active interest in the candidacy of Mr. Roberts, an alleged polygamist, for Congress.

❀

The North Carolina Race Conflict

The North Carolina election for members of the Legislature has attracted more attention than any other election in the South, because it threatened for a time to revive the contest about which Judge Tourgee wrote so graphically many years ago in "A Fool's Errand" and other books. So grave a crisis was impending in Wilmington that Governor Russell, who is himself a Republican, induced the men of his party to make no nominations for the Legislature or county offices, on condition that the Democratic nominees for the Legislature withdraw and that the business men nominate two men of their own class for representatives. Thus "white supremacy" was secured in New Hanover County. A state of affairs that could demand or seem to justify such a mode of readjustment is almost incomprehensible to the ordinary American mind. We should remember, however, that men of Northern birth who have lived in North Carolina since reconstruction days, always voting the Republican ticket on National issues, are now joining with the white Democrats of the State to protect themselves against what they term "negro domination." The reports of threatened violence against negroes if they venture to vote must be taken with considerable allowance; and, on the other hand, that there is real peril to the community in negro domination may be assumed to be true, or the two political parties could hardly be induced to unite in their political action to prevent it. Governor Russell's action in the Wilmington case seems to have been entirely commendable.

❀

The Philippines

It is semi-officially announced, as we briefly stated last week, that our representatives in Paris have demanded the surrender of the entire Philippine archipelago to the United States, and have indicated the willingness of the United States to assume so much of the Philippine debt as represents public improvements in the islands, but not any portion of it which represents expenditures in quelling the revolt of the Filipinos. It will not be easy to draw this line. Are the barracks and the fortifications put up by Spain and taken over by the United States public improvements, or are they expenditures incurred in putting down the revolt of the Filipinos? Assuming, however, that the United States is to take the archipelago at all, it can well afford to be generous in dealing with an impoverished and bankrupt State like Spain. If the two Governments are not able to agree on the question of compensation, it might well be referred to arbitration. Questions of dollars and cents can always be more justly settled by an impartial tribunal than by either of the contestants, and we greatly mistake the general spirit of the American people if they have any desire to insist on any pecuniary claim either at the hazard of a further war with Spain or at the more serious hazard of seeming to take advantage of her helpless-

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ness. It is true that there are rumors of Senatorial opposition to any payment whatever to Spain, and it is not at all impossible that those who are opposed to assuming any responsibility for the Philippines, reinforced by those who wish to take the Philippines without assuming any pecuniary responsibilities whatever, might be sufficient to defeat in the Senate any treaty involving pecuniary responsibilities which may be initiated by the President. Of course the President must take account of this possibility in shaping the negotiations with Spain; but we believe he will be politically wiser to assume a generous rather than a niggardly spirit in the American people.

❀

Our Pledges Far more fundamental than the question on what terms we shall take the Philippines is the question whether we wish or even are willing to take them at all. The resolutions of Congress, which constituted practically our declaration of war against Spain, contained the following resolution:

> Fourth: That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

This is the only pledge which the United States Government has made which bears on the question of our obligations toward Spain and towards the peoples of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. In terms it applies to Cuba only, but in spirit it equally applies to Porto Rico and the Philippines. Indeed, it simply embodies the spirit of our historical institutions and National life. A war of conquest would be absolutely inconsistent with the fundamental principle of our Nation, which is self-government. We have accepted Hawaii because the *de facto* government of that island has desired us to do so. We ought not to accept Porto Rico permanently without submitting to the inhabitants of that island the question whether they wish to become a part of the United States. We clearly cannot consistently exercise permanent governmental authority over Cuba except by the request or at least with the approval of the people of Cuba, expressed through some legitimate political authority. The same principle applies to the Philippines, although there has been no express pledge respecting that territory. It does not follow that the question of the disposition of either the Philippines or Cuba is to be determined by universal suffrage. It is enough that it is determined by suffrage which makes no distinction on the ground of race or color. It may well be that in such a critical hour as this the people to determine the destiny of Cuba or the Philippines are not all the people, but those whose thrift or whose intelligence, or both, entitle them in the birth of a nation to leadership. But we are not to forget that our war with Spain was not for conquest but for liberation, and that if we demand that Spain shall relinquish all claim to the Philippines, and we assume the responsibility for their government, it can only be that we may establish there a free government founded on the principles of our own Declaration of Independence.

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Alternative Propositions In considering whether we should demand of Spain that she relinquish her authority over the entire Philippine group, it is not enough to consider the serious objections to such a demand—for that they are serious no thoughtful man will doubt. We must also consider what alternative propositions are possible, and whether the objections to those propositions are not more serious. These alternative propositions appear to us to be the following: First, we might immediately withdraw from the Philippine archipelago, and leave Spain to settle her controversy with the Filipinos as best she can. Since her navy is practically destroyed, her army is disorganized, and her treasury is bankrupt, it may be safely assumed that she could not maintain her authority over the islands, over which her rule was maintained with extreme difficulty when she was in much more prosperous condition than at present. The probable result of our withdrawal from the Philippines would be either to relegate the islands to anarchy or to leave Spain to sell what she does not possess to some other power, probably Germany, which would be able to maintain over them an imperial despotism which Spain is too feeble and too weak to maintain. Such a desertion of a people whom we have half liberated seems to us dishonorable and selfish, not to say inhuman. It certainly would be no better for us to claim for ourselves Manila as an American port for our own trade advantages, and leave the rest of

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the island of Luzon and the other islands to shift for themselves. Another alternative would be to demand simply the island of Luzon, leaving the other islands still under Spanish control. If we may judge from Mr. Dean C. Worcester's account of the Philippines in the "Century Magazine," this would be to take the chief if not the only island of value in the archipelago, leaving the responsibility for the government of the rest to a power wholly incompetent to exercise it. It would also, probably, involve us in perpetual difficulties with Spain, if she maintained her sovereignty over the other islands. Nor would the dangers of entanglement be much lessened if she transferred those islands for a consideration to Germany. The case is full of perplexities and difficulties; but it appears to us that the course of courage is also the course of honor and of prudence, and that the wise and righteous policy for the United States, in consideration of all the difficulties of the case, is to insist upon assuming responsibility for the entire archipelago, and then, with courage and with faith in its own principles, to take up the work of organizing as rapidly as possible free institutions in the islands, leaving the question of the closeness and nature of their relations to the United States to be determined hereafter by the course of events. Of the possible nature of those relations we have spoken more fully on another page.

❀

Spain's Refusal The demand of the United States for the cession of the entire Philippine group was met with a refusal from the Spanish Commissioners, as was to be expected. The formal reply of Spain to our demand was communicated to the American Commissioners in writing on Friday of last week, and was at once forwarded to Washington. It is understood to contain, not only a rejection of our demand, but also counter-propositions looking for compromise. The general belief is that here, as in the Cuban discussion, Spain is laying emphasis on the financial side of the question, and that she hopes for more favorable terms than those stated above. There has been no positive threat of the breaking off of negotiations, and few believe that Spain has any intention of forcing a renewal of the war. The ground taken, in opposition to our demands, seems to have consisted in an untenable plea that Spain's sovereignty in the Philippines was tacitly admitted in the negotiations for the protocol—a claim utterly repudiated at Washington; in the argument that at the time of the signing of the protocol the United States actually held in the Philippines only the insignificant station of Cavite, and that it cannot fairly claim to have possessed the islands; and in the argument that any cession by Spain of territory in the Philippines could only be regarded as a war penalty, and that the granting of Porto Rico to the United States, in addition to the evacuation of Cuba, was fully as large a penalty as international precedent justified. The intimation is also made, in reply to the American position that we have duties and responsibilities already incurred to the people of the Philippines, that Spain would consent to establish autonomous government there, under any international guarantee deemed necessary, and that the permanent security of the natives could be effected in another way by the sale of the islands, either to the United States or to some other Power—from Madrid it is informally stated that Germany would give $200,000,000 for the islands. The plan of Philippine autonomy, under international guarantees, is certainly worthy of consideration, provided Spain's sovereignty absolutely ends. But no plan promises good government which gives Spain any share in controlling it, for the simple reason that Spain does not know what good government is. As we have said before, there can be no question whatever that, under the wording of the protocol, the whole subject of the disposal of the Philippines is open to negotiation and mutual concession.

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Fashoda Given Up General Kitchener, the hero of the brilliant campaign in Upper Egypt, was the guest of the city of London at a great banquet at the Mansion House on Friday evening of last week, and was received with unstinted enthusiasm by a great and representative assembly, including many of the most distinguished men in English public life. It was noticed that every allusion to the attitude of the Government in the Fashoda matter was received with vigorous applause. General Kitchener captivated his audience by the modesty and felicity of his address; but the speech of the evening which was awaited with the greatest interest was that made by the Prime Minister. After empha-

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sizing the military skill and brilliant achievements of General Kitchener, Lord Salisbury went on to describe him as a "splendid diplomatist." In that quiet and apparently incidental way in which English Prime Ministers often communicate great intelligence, Lord Salisbury said that the hope expressed by General Kitchener that the difficulties arising from the presence of Major Marchand might be settled by diplomacy had been realized, and that he had just received information that the French Government "had come to the conclusion that the occupation of Fashoda is of no sort of value." This statement was received with prolonged cheers and laughter, and gave the dinner a historic interest. The French Government has also issued a semi-official note in which it makes known its decision that, as the result of exhaustive examination of the whole question, it has determined not to retain the Marchand mission at Fashoda. These two statements from both Governments would seem to put an end to all danger of serious complications; but it is noted with some interest and curiosity that the English Government appears to be pushing on its military preparations, that the ship-yards are crowding their work forward, and that, if appearances are to be trusted, the navy has been put on a war footing.

❀

The Bahr-el-Ghazal France's relinquishment of Fashoda may or may not be complicated by a claim in the near future to certain rights in the Bahr-el-Ghazal. Major Marchand in his advance to Fashoda claims to have planted five posts of occupation in this region, though his occupation was not effective in the diplomatic sense of the term, as no garrisons were left in charge. But apart from this there is likely to be a severe diplomatic contest, if not a war, before final control of the Bahr-el-Ghazal is settled. It is a region of large size and very great fertility, some explorers claiming that its cotton-growing capacity could supply the world. The Bahr-el-Ghazal may be roughly described as the region drained by the river of the same name. The river is 500 miles long, has three or four tributaries, and is itself a tributary of the White Nile below Fashoda. The region drained by it is in the center of the continent, and is in the form of a triangle, one of whose sides is the Nile, running south for more than 300 miles from Mokren-el-Bohur to Lado, another westward from Mokren-el-Bohur for about 550 miles along the Bahr-el-Ghazal River to the region called Wadai Darfur, and the third 750 miles in a southeasterly direction along the watershed between the valleys of the Bahr-el-Ghazal and the Ubanghi. All this region was acknowledged to be one of the Egyptian provinces before the Mahdi overran the Soudan, and M. Hanotaux himself formerly acknowledged the Egyptian title. Its great fertility and dense population, besides its proximity to the Congo Free State, of which France is supposed to hold the reversion, will make it a great prize for the contests of diplomacy, unless the British resolutely assert the Egyptian title and make its control on Egypt's behalf a vital part of their policy. France did not accept the delimitation between the Bahr-el-Ghazal and the Congo Free State, and it is understood that this will be made the basis of opening the whole question of a new delimitation.

❀

The French Ministry The composition of the new French Ministry seems to promise a conservative and rational government for France, so far as the Ministry is allowed to govern. The Prime Minister, M. Dupuy, has already filled the position twice, and has filled many other positions in the Cabinet and out of it. He is a man of a good deal of courage, and is generally regarded as more conservative than his predecessor, M. Brisson. It seems to be taken for granted that, although he was Prime Minister at the time of the trial and condemnation of Captain Dreyfus, he is favorably inclined to a revision of the case. The new Minister of Justice is a trained jurist, who at one time held a professorship of civil law. M. de Freycinet, the Minister of War, has been Prime Minister four times, and is also believed to be in sympathy with revision. There has been no change in the Department of Foreign Affairs, owing, doubtless, to the desire to keep the management of the Fashoda complications in the hands of M. Delcassé. The Minister of Marine has also kept his position, probably to insure the continuation of his policy of enlarging and strengthening the navy. All the members of the Cabinet are Republicans, and all, save one, are conservative Republicans; and while the Cabinet does not include some of the strongest men in French public life, it brings to the service of the State a large amount of trained

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ability, and a group of men of unstained character. It is, on the whole, as good a Cabinet as President Faure could probably secure.

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French Policy

At the reassembling of the Chamber of Deputies on Friday the new Premier read the ministerial declaration, which opened with a recognition of the difficulties facing the new Cabinet, and proceeded at once to affirm, in the most unequivocal way, the determination of the Cabinet to maintain the supremacy of the civil power as the fundamental principle in a republican State. The Premier declared that the army ought not to be subjected to a campaign of ridicule, and that this end can be secured only when it is taken out of the region of blind political polemics. In regard to the Dreyfus case, the Premier urged that it should be left for the light which would be thrown upon it by the decision of the Court of Cassation, and declared that, whatever that decision may be, it will be enforced by the Government. A very adroit and skillful use was made of the approaching World's Fair in Paris to urge the stilling of internal dissension. As all France is intensely interested in the success of the Fair, this move of the Premier may be regarded as an adroit appeal to French pride and patriotism to put an end, for the next eighteen months, at least, to dissensions, the bitterness of which has seemed of late to imperil the safety of the Republic and excited apprehensions abroad which would certainly go far to limit the success of the Exposition. In the meantime, however, it must be noted that, with the settlement of the question opened by the seizure of Fashoda, and with the retrial of Captain Dreyfus under proper conditions, the real sources of danger to France are likely to be removed before the truce of parties which M. Dupuy suggests is ended.

❀

William III. at Jerusalem

The imperial pilgrimage to the Holy Land has been cut short, either (as was officially given out) by the extreme heat which exhausted the horses and nearly exhausted the royal pilgrims, or by the critical situation of affairs in Europe. Attended by a vast retinue, the Emperor and Empress arrived at Jerusalem, and visited the chief places of interest in its neighborhood. The pilgrimage may be said to have culminated on Tuesday of last week in the consecration of the Church of the Redeemer. The Emperor's part in the service was the reading of the constitution of the church, and an address delivered at the close of the ceremony. In that place, and under the influence of its traditions, he could hardly have spoken other than he did as the champion of universal peace, by declaring that he wished to sound the cry "Peace on earth!" He announced to the Pope by telegraph that, by the intervention of the Sultan, he had acquired the abode of the Holy Virgin at Jerusalem, and had decided to place the ground at the disposal of his Catholic subjects. The piece of ground thus secured, which, according to tradition, was once occupied by the Mother of Christ, is on Mount Zion; and it was a curious feature of the ceremony that both the German and Turkish flags were hoisted above this ground. The story of the Emperor's sojourn in the Holy Land furnishes abundant material for the pen of the satirist; that there is, however, a deeper meaning in it seems to be the opinion of those who are competent to form a judgment; and had it not been for the overshadowing importance of the question at issue between France and England, and the situation in Paris, greater attention would have been given to this extraordinary pilgrimage. The Emperor has now taken his stand beside the Czar as the champion and supporter of peace. It is a curious situation which presents the two great war-lords of modern times as the apostles of peace!

❀

The United States of Central America

A new United States began its history on November 1—the United States of Central America. The new republic was formed by the union of Nicaragua, Salvador, and Honduras. Not only in name, but in almost every essential point, the Constitution of the new nation resembles that of the United States. The negotiations for the union of the three republics have been under way for two years, and last August the Constitution was finally adopted. It is thought possible that Costa Rica and Guatemala may later on join the union. One of the most hopeful signs in the Constitution is seen in the fact that the three Presidents of the three States which are united are not eligible for the office of President at the first election, which will take place in December next.

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The term of the presidency is four years, and the duties of the President are very much like those of ours. The President will be inaugurated next March, and from now until that time power will be held by a council of three. The Senate and House of Representatives are elected much in the same way as in our Government, and the judiciary is also patterned after our own. The three States retain legislative control over local affairs. The new capital will be situated in a federal district formed by grants from the three States, and corresponding generally to our District of Columbia. So far as form goes, there is no reason why the United States of Central America should not be governed in a truly constitutional and representative way; it remains to be seen, however, whether personal ambition and the unfortunate historical precedents in the South American republics will allow this to be actually accomplished. To the United States the formation of the new republic is of particular importance, because the Federal Government thus formed will have entire control of all concessions and contracts relating to the proposed Nicaragua Canal. No doubt the rights and concessions already granted by Nicaragua will be maintained by the new Government. The United States of Central America will have an area of about 110,000 square miles and a population of about two millions.

❀

The Danger from Bacilli The death at Vienna of a man named Barisch, an assistant in the Pathological Institute there, has caused an interesting discussion about the possible danger of the spread of disease from the culture of the bacilli by bacteriologists engaged in studying and experimenting. Barisch died of bubonic plague incurred in some way, it is believed, from bacilli imported from Bombay for experimental purposes. He had charge of the animals which were being inoculated, and the managers of the Institute say that, while usually a careful and intelligent man, he had fallen into careless habits. Just how the infection was communicated is not known. Some fear was felt at Vienna lest this one case might be the beginning of an epidemic, but nothing of the kind was really probable, and although one other death was attributed to the same cause, other suspected cases proved to be not of the plague. That the public should be protected against any possibility of infection coming through scientific study of disease is beyond question. The discussion upon this case has shown that it was not only exceptional, but almost unique. Experts state that the precautions taken in laboratories are such that it is practically impossible for disease germs to escape from the sterilized tubes in which they are placed, embedded in gelatine. If any persons are in possible danger, they are the experts engaged in bacillus-culture, and among these accidental infection is very rare. Moreover, even when such a case as that of Barisch occurs, the likelihood of the disease being communicated to others is extremely small. In such diseases as bubonic plague filthy sanitary conditions are almost necessary for the spread of infection. A law which should forbid the study and culture of disease bacilli would close the avenue to the most promising hopes of exterminating whole classes of diseases. That which has been already done in this direction is only a beginning.

❀

David A. Wells David Ames Wells, who died at his home in Norwich, Conn., at the age of seventy, on Saturday of last week, will probably be longest remembered as one of the ablest and most indefatigable advocates of the doctrine of free trade. Originally a believer in the doctrine of protection, about twenty years ago he became convinced of the National desirability of absolute free trade, and at that time drafted a bill looking in that direction, which passed in the United States Senate but was defeated in the House. From that time on, Mr. Wells, in essays, pamphlets, books, and speeches, earnestly advocated free trade; and his writings have probably done more than those of any other American to increase the number of adherents of that doctrine. Mr. Wells was a thoroughly equipped political economist, and was an authority particularly on the subject of taxation and National finance. Under President Lincoln's administration, Mr. Wells, in 1865, was made Chairman of a Commission which drew up the system of internal revenue taxation adopted at the close of the war. He was the first head of the National Bureau of Statistics created in 1870. Mr. Wells, in 1874, was elected by the French Academy to fill the chair made vacant by the death of John Stuart Mill, and in the same year received the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford. He was a member of the

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Royal Statistical Society of England, of the Cobden Club, and of many other economic and scientific bodies.

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New York State Federation of Women's Clubs

The New York State Federation of Women's Clubs has been in session during the past week in New York. One hundred and ninety-four clubs are in the Federation, representing 25,000 women. While the convention was of the New York Federation of Women's Clubs, women were present from many other States, and made speeches which indicated the line of work being followed by women's clubs all over the country. This annual meeting of the Federation differed from previous annual meetings in that emphasis was laid on the social side, several functions for the entertainment of the officers and delegates having been given by club members who live in New York. Speeches were limited to five minutes at each session. The presiding officers adhered to the time limit. The subjects discussed on the group system covered many fields, and were treated, not in the conclusive, but the suggestive, manner. So satisfactory was this method of conducting the Federation that it was voted to continue it at the next convention, subject to such slight changes as the Executive Committee wished to make. Mrs. William Tod Helmuth was re-elected President for two years. The Federation pledged itself by concerted action to endeavor to secure State legislation to establish a State Industrial Home for Girls.

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Foreign Trade

The report of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics shows that the foreign trade of the United States for the nine months ending September 30 last was larger than that of any similar period in our history. The total amount was $1,329,564,395, of which $854,203,502 was exports and $475,360,893 imports. This is an increase of $121,694.637 in exports over those of the previous year, and a decrease of $113,382,422 in imports. The total exports for the past nine months are nearly twice as great as they were ten years ago, while the imports show a decline of 12½ per cent. during that time, notwithstanding the increase of population. The report shows that all the main lines of production have greatly prospered during the past decade, and each line shows a large increase over that of the previous year, while the imports for the nine months just ended are less than in any corresponding period since 1885. Increases in certain lines of exports are interesting as showing the ability of our manufacturers to compete with those of Europe, who were supposed to have an assured superiority by reason of cheaper labor and the facilities resulting from long possession of the markets. Our exports, for example, of agricultural implements were $8,184,331 during the past nine months—almost double those during nine months of the previous year; there is a similar increase in the exports of carriages, cars, and bicycles. There was a substantial increase in exports of cotton cloths and in other manufactures of cotton. This indicates an increasing ability to compete with the fine goods of England, France, and Germany, more especially in the matter of artistic design and finish. The exports of locomotives were about double those for nine months of the previous year, the increase being largely due to the Russian and Japanese demand. The total export of domestic manufactures was $227,822,045, and of products of agriculture, $571,294,955. These imposing figures of our foreign trade show the necessity of enlarged markets to meet the excess of production beyond domestic needs. The low proportion of imports to exports and the consequent decrease of tariff receipts also indicate very clearly that new problems of revenue-raising must be seriously considered, although the internal revenue will still furnish a large part of the ordinary expenses of government.

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A Possible Colonial Policy

The reader has a right to ask, If the colonies are not to be governed upon imperial principles from Washington, how can they be governed? How can self-government and a colonial policy be reconciled? But all questions cannot be answered in a single article, and this question we must leave for future consideration.—*The Outlook, September 22, 1898.*

To this question we address ourselves in this article.

Many Americans who are opposed to the policy of expansion apparently can see no alternative between governing distant provinces by imperial authority from Washington, somewhat as the provinces of Rome were governed from the capital of the then civilized world; leaving them alone and

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independent, without guidance, guardianship, or protection; or else making of them United States Territories with the purpose of admitting them to a share in the Federal Government as States as soon as they possess an adequate population. It is true that this latter method is the only one which the United States Government has pursued in the past. Territory, whether purchased or won by conquest, has been partitioned into Territories, and presently admitted as States into the Union. But it does not follow that what has been always must be. History is a guide by which to direct our footsteps in the future, not a manacle to chain us to an immovable past. The essential spirit of American institutions is self-government, and hitherto it has seemed to us that the best method of extending self-government over contiguous territory was by dividing it into States, incorporating them into the Union of the States, and giving them a share in the government of the entire Republic. This is the method which we have pursued (and on the whole it has proved a very good method) of promoting self-government in new territory contiguous to our own. But a very little reflection should suffice to show that it is not the only method, nor is there anything in our Constitution to prevent our adopting a new means to secure the same general end—that is, liberty and justice in new communities.

To illustrate.

It is perfectly conceivable that under the United States authority the property-owners of Cuba, or those who come up to some prescribed standard of education without possessing property, should be invited to organize under Federal authority a provisional government, and that when that provisional government is organized a treaty should be entered into between such government and the United States, assuming that this provisional government, representing the intelligent and the thrifty—that is, the natural leaders—in Cuba, desires to enter into such a treaty with the United States. By this treaty it might be provided that Cuba should establish a government founded, not necessarily upon universal suffrage, but on suffrage so conditioned that any man might entitle himself to the ballot by intelligence and thrift; a government with two representative assemblies acting as counter-checks upon each other; with an executive elected for a limited term and responsible to the same constituency which elects the representative body; with a judicial system accepting the precedents and adopting the principles of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence; with a public-school system dissociated from ecclesiastical control; with religious liberty guaranteed, and an entire separation of Church and State prescribed; and with some provision for submitting all questions that might arise under this treaty-constitution either to the Supreme Court of the United States or to a special mixed tribunal organized for the purpose. It might further be provided that for the time being mixed commissions, composed partly of Americans and partly of Cubans, should supervise the organization of the educational and judicial systems. In short, it might be provided by treaty that Cuba should adopt an American system of government and enter into close, and possibly absolutely reciprocal, trade relations with the United States; and in consideration thereof the United States should protect Cuba from attack by any foreign foe and guarantee to her a republican form of government against any domestic insurrection. Such a treaty as this with such an independent government as Cuba would thus possess would not involve nor look toward Cuba's ever becoming a part of the United States in such a sense that she would herself have a share in the Federal Government or participate in the election of a President of the United States or of Members of Congress.

Or a closer relation might be established between Cuba or the Philippines and the United States, a relation analogous to that which exists between Great Britain and Canada. A Constitutional Convention or a Constitutional Committee elected by the taxpayers or by the property-owners, or by a constituency otherwise so selected as to represent those who have interests at stake, might be organized to co-operate with a committee appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to frame and submit to the local constituency a Constitution for the government of, say, the Philippines. Such a Constitution might provide for a government formed on American models and embodying the American spirit, much as described in the previous paragraph. It might further provide that a Governor-General should be appointed by the United States, who, like the Governor-General of Canada, should represent the National authority but should have little or no political power; that all constitutional questions should

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be submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States, as all constitutional questions in Canada are finally subject to the decisions of the Privy Council; that the islands of the Philippines should be unrepresented in the American Congress, as Canada is unrepresented in the English Parliament; that the Filipinos should be at liberty to settle all questions of local administration and of taxation, as the Canadians are under their Constitution; and, finally, it might secure for the Filipinos the same protection which the English Constitution secures for the Canadians, and bring them under one flag, as Canada is brought under the one flag of Great Britain. In the former case Cuba would be an independent government under an American protectorate. In the second case the Philippines would be a self-governing colony of America, absolutely free from all imperialistic control, but having our aid and guidance in framing, establishing, and operating free institutions.

Doubtless serious objections may be proposed to either of these plans. We do not assume to propose offhand a complete scheme for bringing order out of chaos either in Cuba or the Philippines. We simply desire to show our readers that it is quite conceivable that such relations may be established between the United States and Cuba or the Philippines, or both, as shall secure for them all the advantages of free government, without conferring upon them the right to participate in governing us.

Of course those who do not believe in self-government, or who believe that self-government is adapted only to Anglo-Saxon people, or to such other people as chance to have immigrated to America and taken their cue from American customs and traditions, will set aside the schemes above outlined as wholly chimerical. They will really believe, though perhaps they will not avow the belief, that neither Cuba nor the Philippines can be successfully governed except by authority from without, and that any plan looking toward self-government may at once be set aside as visionary. For ourselves, we believe that any self-government is better than any despotism; that if the Filipinos and the Cubans are left absolutely alone, they will in time frame a better government for themselves than that to which they have been subjected under the despotic power of Spain; but that we can, if we will, by guidance, guardianship, and protection, expedite the process of self-development, which, without such guardianship and protection, may not impossibly be greatly delayed by anarchy within, or absolutely prevented by despotism exercised from without.

Some very intelligent students of current questions assume that neither Cuba nor the Philippines desire any counsel or co-operation from the United States. Thus, Senator Hoar in his speech of last week says that we are in danger of being transformed "from a Republic founded on the Declaration of Independence, guided by the counsels of Washington, into a vulgar, commonplace empire, founded upon physical force." And the same paper which publishes the report of Senator Hoar's speech publishes a letter from Andrew Carnegie in which he takes it for granted that our soldiers at Manila are being "called upon to hold in subjection at Manila insurgents who have risen against the oppressor—Spain." We see no ground whatever for any such assumption. As yet we lack full and authentic information respecting the conditions of public opinion in Cuba and the Philippines, and the probabilities are that public opinion is itself in an inchoate and chaotic state; but certainly we have no right to assume that either Cuba or the Philippines are hostile to the guidance, guardianship, and protection of the American people in promoting and maintaining free institutions for themselves, or even hostile to the establishment of very close colonial relationship between themselves and the United States. The Outlook hopes to give its readers in the course of the winter authentic and trustworthy information from the pen of Mr. George Kennan as to public sentiment in the island of Cuba respecting the American Government, and the desires of those who have a right to shape the destinies of Cuba respecting the relationship of that island to America; and perhaps similar information respecting the Filipinos. But it is already certain that our flag was welcomed with almost universal expressions of joy in Porto Rico; that yellow fever has disappeared from Santiago; that Colonel Waring has lost his life in a brave attempt to put an end to yellow fever at Havana, an attempt which we have a right to believe will end in success; and the indications are, so far as we can judge from fragmentary and imperfect reports, that a majority, and a rapidly increasing majority, of the substantial citizens of Cuba desire intimate relationship with the United States, if not absolute annexation to

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it; and that if the question could be put to the substantial citizens of the island of Luzon, they would give to the American flag, and the American protection which that flag carries with it, a welcome scarcely less cordial than that accorded to it by the inhabitants of Porto Rico.

The anti-expansionist, if he wishes to carry any weight by his argument with the expansionists, must not devote himself to showing that America ought not to exercise imperial authority over the inhabitants of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, or to showing that it will be perilous for the United States to receive as States into the Union those islands; but he must show, either that we have no responsibility to furnish guidance, guardianship, and protection to the people of those islands in establishing free, just, self-governing communities, or that it is wholly impossible for us so to do. We do not believe that there could be found a minority sufficiently large to be worth counting who desire America to govern distant provinces as Rome governed Palestine. What the expansionist desires to see is the United States giving protection, inspiration, and assistance to communities emancipated from crushing despotism, and needing the blessings of freedom, justice, and self-government.

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Ex-Senator Dawes on the Mohonk Platform

The "Congregationalist" publishes a letter from the Hon. Henry L. Dawes on the Lake Mohonk platform of this year, which would have greater weight if Mr. Dawes had been present at the Conference and heard the discussions which preceded and led to the adoption of that platform. But if he had been so present, we doubt whether he would have written the letter. He says that the platform "denounced the Indian Bureau and the Indian Commissioner as the source of all the many evils in the service"—a mistake: it denounced the administration of the Indian Bureau as a part of the spoils system, and insisted that its work was temporary, and that steps should be taken to bring that work to an early close. He affirms that he has never known any administration of the Indian Service "either cleaner, more ably or more wisely conducted, or accomplishing more good for the Indian than as now conducted." There is nothing inconsistent with this declaration in the platform, which carefully avoided making any discrimination between different administrations in the Bureau. It is, however, fair to say that all of the testimony from the field, without exception, most of it coming from Republicans, was that the personnel of the Indian Bureau in the field had distinctly deteriorated under the present Administration. Senator Dawes's testimony in this respect, if he had borne it at Lake Mohonk, would have stood absolutely alone.

He assumes that the Indian Bureau was specifically condemned by the platform for the removal of Dr. Hailman and for the outbreak among the Pillager Indians. In this also he is mistaken. The removal of Dr. Hailman and the outbreak of the Pillager Indians were charged, not to the Indian Bureau, but to the system which makes the Indian Bureau a political organization administered for the interests of a political party. Quite unconsciously, Senator Dawes confirms this testimony, so far as the removal of Dr. Hailman is concerned. He says that the President removed him upon a request so to do of a character deserving of the highest consideration. "It was brought here for me to sign, and, while I did not sign it, I was astonished at the array of names on it. There were on it the names of well-nigh all the distinguished men, friendly to the Administration, from every part of the country, in and out of the public service."

The reader will observe that it is not stated that this paper was signed by friends of the Indians or advocates of Indian civilization and Indian education, but by "men friendly to the Administration." Senator Dawes's statement simply shows that the evils the Lake Mohonk platform deplored are deeper than the platform indicated, and that the remedy must be more radical. A distinguished educational expert, whose work had the indorsement and support of distinguished educators all over the country who were familiar with it, and the approbation of all those interested in the civilization and education of the Indians, with very few exceptions, is removed, not because his work is ill done, not because those who are familiar with it think it not well done, but because "men friendly to the Administration" call for a change. The fact simply shows what The Outlook has often affirmed, that it is not the politicians but the people who are respon-

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sible for the spoils system—the people who, either of deliberate purpose or with thoughtless good nature, sign a petition, the granting of which will necessitate the removal of a competent official and the substitution of an untried official in his place. We shall never get the best administration of any department in this country until the people understand that the Nation needs expert service and insist on possessing and retaining it.

As to the outbreak of the Pillager Indians, it is true that some of the outrages which brought on that outbreak "came down from former administrations of the Bureau;" but it is also true that the immediate occasion was the intolerable performances of drunken deputy marshals who had been appointed for political reasons. This fact was not stated in the platform, but it was well understood in the Conference, and has since been semi-officially affirmed by the Indian Commissioner himself.

Senator Dawes's letter affords perhaps a more striking illustration than any suggested by the platform of the inherent evils in leaving the Indians, as wards of the Nation, to be cared for by a Bureau, the head of which is changed after every Presidential election, and the personnel of which depends upon political favoritism. "Right before their eyes," says Senator Dawes, "are the Omahas and Winnebagoes, allotted nearly twenty years ago, but, neglected from that day to this, worse off to-day than before allotment." This is one of the results of pretending to take care of Indians as our wards, and leaving them to the care of men without expert knowledge, and appointed either for the political service they have rendered or the political service they are expected to render to their party.

But Senator Dawes is himself the best illustration of the truth of the Lake Mohonk platform. Whatever his modesty may say, most of those familiar with the Indian question will agree that the problem presented by the conditions of the Five Civilized Tribes in the Indian Territory involved far greater difficulties than those involved in the case of all the other tribes combined. Less than six years ago, Senator Dawes, a radical and life-long Republican, was appointed by President Cleveland Chairman of a Commission to deal with that problem, because he was of all men in public life the best fitted to deal with it. And during his short service he has done more toward its final solution than has been done in twenty years toward the solution of this easier problem, under a system which has appointed non-experts to deal with it, and has changed them every four years.

In the judgment of The Outlook, Senator Dawes's letter, read in the light of those facts which are matters, not of popular report, but of public record, adds new weight to the demands of the Mohonk platform: "We now appeal to the people of the United States to demand of their Government that the Indian Bureau be taken out of politics; that the Indian Commissioner be no longer treated as a political officer to be changed with every change of administration; that the work of the Bureau be intrusted to experts and left in their hands until it is accomplished."

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Self-Consciousness

The sublime paradox of the spiritual life is repeated in all true development of personal gift and power. In order to find his life a man must first lose it; in order to keep his soul a man must first give it. The beginning of all education is self-conscious; at the start every effect must be calculated, every skill, method, or dexterity carefully studied. Training involves a rigid account of one's self based on searching self-knowledge. To become an effective speaker one must know his defects of bearing, gesture, voice; one must bring his whole personality into clear light, and study it as if it were an external thing; one must become intensely self-conscious. The initiation to every art is through this door of rigid scrutiny of self, and entire surrender of self to the discipline of minute study and exacting practice. The pianist knows the artistic value of every note, and strikes each note with carefully calculated effect. The artist gives himself up to a patient study of details, and is content with the monotony of laborious imitation; subjecting every element of material and manner to the most thorough analysis.

The first stage in the education of the true worker is self-conscious; the final stage is self-forgetful. No man can enter the final stage without passing through the initial stage; no man can enter the final stage without leaving the initial stage behind him. One must first develop intense self-consciousness, and then one must be able to forget and obliterate himself. One must first accept the most exacting discipline of the school, and

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then one must forget that schools exist. The apprentice is the servant of detail; the master is the servant of the idea: the first accepts methods as if they were the finalities of art; the second uses them as mere instruments. Tennyson's attention was once called to certain very subtle vowel effects in one of his recent poems; he promptly said that he had not thought of them. That was undoubtedly true, for he had become a master; but there was a time, in his days of apprenticeship, when he had studied the musical qualities and resources of words with the most searching intelligence. The transition from apprenticeship to mastery is accomplished when a man passes out of self-consciousness into self-forgetfulness, when his knowledge and skill become so much a part of himself that they become instinctive. When the artist has gained, through calculation, study, and practice, complete command of himself and his materials, he subordinates skill to insight, and makes his art the unconscious expression of his deepest nature. When this stage is reached, the artist can pour his whole soul into his work almost instinctively; his skill and methods have become so completely a part of himself that he can use them almost without being conscious of them.

This ability to transform skill into character, to make instinct do the work of intelligence, to pass from intense self-consciousness into self-forgetfulness, is the supreme test to which every artist must subject himself; let him sustain this test and his place is secure. To find one's life in the deepest sense, to uncover and express one's personality, a man must lose that life; that is to say, he must have the power of entire self-surrender. When the inspiration comes, as it does come to all creative spirits, a man must be able to surrender himself to it completely. When the hour of vision arrives, the prophet has no time or thought to waste on himself; if he is to speak, he must listen with intense and utter stillness of soul.

In the degree in which a man masters his art does he attain unconsciousness of self. Great artists have sometimes been great egotists, but not in their greatest hours or works. And in so far as their egotism has touched their art it has invariably limited its range or diminished its depth and power; for in those moments in which the vision is clearest a man is always lifted above himself. He escapes for the moment the limitations which ordinarily encircle him as the horizon encircles the sea.

That which is true of the master worker, the artist, is true of all lesser workers: the highest efficiency is conditioned on the ability to forget one's self. Self-consciousness is the most serious and painful limitation of many men and women of genuine capacity and power. It rests like a heavy load on shoulders which ought to be free; it is an impediment of speech when speech ought to have entirety, spontaneity, and freedom. This intense consciousness of self, although always revealing a certain amount of egoism, is often devoid of egotism; it is, in many cases, a sign of diffidence and essential modesty. It is the burden and limitation of those especially who have high aims and standards, but who distrust their own ability to do well the things they are eager to do. To be self-conscious is to waste a great deal of force which ought to go into work; it is to put into introspection the vitality which ought to issue in some form of expression. The speaker is never in full command of his theme or his audience until he has gotten rid of himself; so long as he has to deal with himself he cannot wholly surrender himself to his theme nor to his audience. He is hampered, troubled, and anxious when he ought to be free, calm, and unconcerned.

There is but one remedy for self-consciousness, and that is absorption in one's work. There must be first, not only thorough preparation for the task in hand, but thorough training of the whole nature; for every weak place in a man's education for his work is a point of self-consciousness. No man of conscience can do easily and instinctively that which he knows he cannot do well. The worker must have, therefore, the serenity which comes from confidence in the adequacy of his preparation. A man can even fail with a clear conscience, if he has taken every precaution against the possibility of failure. Adequate training being assumed, a man must cultivate the habit of self-surrender. This is sometimes difficult, but it is rarely, if ever, impossible. To take an illustration from the experience of the speaker, who is, perhaps, as much as any other kind of worker, burdened and limited at the start by self-consciousness: it is entirely possible to lose consciousness of self for the time in the theme or the occasion. Assuming that the preparatory work has been thorough, a man can train himself to fasten his thought en-

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tirely on his subject and his opportunity. If his theme is a worthy one and he has given adequate thought or research to it, he can learn to forget himself and his audience in complete surrender to it. Companionship with truth invests a man with a dignity which ought to give him poise and serenity; which will give him calmness and effectiveness if he regards himself as its servant and messenger. An ambassador is held in great honor because of the power which he represents; a man who is dealing in any way with truth or beauty has a right to repose in the greatness and charm of that for which he stands. This transference of interest from the outcome of a personal effort to the sharing of a vision or the conveyance of a power has often made the stammerer eloquent, and the timid spirit heroically indifferent to self. The true refuge of the artist is absorption in his art; the true refuge of the self-conscious is complete surrender to the dignity and interest of his work.

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A Generous Giver

The late Sherman Hoar, who was as much a hero and a martyr in the war with Spain as the men who died on the field, had two qualities which gave him notable influence during his life, and which shed a beautiful radiance over his memory. He belonged to what Dr. Holmes called the Brahmin class in New England—that is to say, he was a member of a family distinguished for many generations by its probity, its intelligence, its culture, and its influence. His educational advantages, using these words in their largest significance, were as good as ever fall to the lot of a young man born on this continent. If he had followed in the steps of many men who, like himself, were the inheritors of a traditional culture, refinement of mind, and elevation of taste, he would have become a critic whose ideals were high and whose aspirations were just, but whose methods were unsympathetic, and therefore lacking in the influence which they ought to carry. Sherman Hoar evidently interpreted his opportunities from the standpoint of responsibility. He accepted them as imposing a heavier burden on him—a burden of public action and of courageous, sympathetic, and manly leadership. He was active and outspoken in the reform movements of his time, when it cost something to take such a step. He was critical toward many of the tendencies of the age in our public life, but he was helpfully and hopefully critical; one of those men who, while they condemn the standards of others, inspire those whom they criticise with a desire to conform to the higher aims which the very criticism itself reveals. He was an ardent patriot, whose belief in his country was so great that he was in constant sympathy with its deepest life, although often in antagonism to many of the current manifestations of that life.

There was another trait in Sherman Hoar's character which stands out with great distinctness now that he is gone, and which differentiates him sharply from many men of his class. He was not only a believing and helpful critic of public affairs, a constructive patriot in his attitude toward the National life, but he was also a devout and outspoken religious man. Many men of his type, if they have religious convictions, carefully conceal them; not because of cowardice, but because of a shrinking from speaking of that which is so intimate and personal; forgetting that the higher the truth and the purer the spiritual possession, the greater the obligation to distribute and diffuse. If the finest spiritual life of our time is to be hidden from public view, how is its influence to be felt? Sherman Hoar, the "Christian Register" tells us, was constantly urging young men to speak out on religious questions, and the burden of his appeal to them was, "Do not be afraid to show yourselves to be as good as you are." This was a great and beneficent service on the part of an intellectual, social, and political leader; and such advice came to young men with great weight from one whose intelligence they respected, and whose honesty and courage were beyond question. This was, indeed, another expression of that constructive spirit which inspired Sherman Hoar, and made him, not only the custodian of the best in American life, but its generous distributer as well.

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The Spingler and Abbot Collegiate Institutes were founded by the Rev. Gorham D. Abbot in New York in 1848. The Abbot Memorial Committee earnestly desires to meet, at a reunion to be held in New York City in the present month, as many as possible of the former pupils of the Springler and Abbot Collegiate Institutes, and kindly asks any who may have information of such students to promptly forward the same, with present address, to the Secretary, Miss Gertrude F. McNamee, 206 West Eighty-fifth Street, New York

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The Future of Our Army and Navy

By Oliver O. Howard

Major-General United States Army (Retired)

FIRST, a word for the navy. It is not for one who has been so long identified with an army in peace and in war as has the writer of this article to attempt any elaborate opinion concerning a navy. The organization of that arm of the country is *sui generis*, and, in a measure, naturally mysterious to a veteran of the army.

One thing, however, to an outsider seems plainly practicable, and that is to have a permanent Admiral, an officer at all times of one grade at least above all those whom he will be obliged to command. This provision would remove much heartburning and rivalry, which cannot fail to be seen, and which is always possible and indeed probable where there are several officers of the same order of rank, and where the executive feels it his duty often to raise a junior to an acting grade higher up, so as to put him temporarily above one or more who have previously commanded him.

Another suggestion is that our navy must for the present be kept up to its existing fighting condition. It could never be depended upon against such a power as England, Russia, or even Germany, if allowed to fall back to the old peace establishment. All the collateral helps, such as the yachts, the navy transports, and other vessels used mainly for patrolling and scouting, will naturally be dispensed with. After that diminution I would increase rather than decrease the regular establishment.

The increase of our possessions and the weight of our responsibilities abroad will demand more squadrons, and require them to be so constantly ready for action as to challenge the respect of the naval commanders of other nations. To be present in Hawaii, to be on the coasts of Cuba and Porto Rico, and hold the attention of the world in Manila Bay, and have at the same time a reasonable home nucleus, will be the peace-problem of the future for our Navy Department. Rear-Admirals Dewey, Sampson, and Schley have made thrones tremble, quick-eyed Sultans respectful, Chinese and Japanese quietly observant, and Russia and England very kindly disposed. We, as a naval power, have come to the very front, and cannot with any sense or reason retire from our position, or be content with a second place. The ships, the armament, the officers, the schools of theory and practice which equip them, the superb sailors, the brave marines, and all the various paraphernalia of a good navy can well be left to the provisional estimate of our own Navy Department, which has honored itself thus far in all its plans and directions, especially in this war with Spain. A layman looking on might, however, venture to say that our movements and wonderful victories on the water have been due, after the good planning and prompt maneuvering of fleets, to the method of handling the individual war-vessels in action, and to the work of the trained men, young officers usually, who have sighted the guns, as also to the splendid discipline essential to their use under terrific fire. Then how evident is the plain inference that we must not hereafter at any time depend on untrained or undisciplined officers or seamen for handling vessels in action, for sighting the cannon, or for coming promptly to their posts to load and fire with accuracy at the right time and in the right manner.

The vast majority of our countrymen will be, I am sure, in favor of retaining and even of reasonably enlarging in its main features the present naval force. Its instruction and discipline under a permanent system are already assured. A few months before the Spanish war broke out, I heard a distinguished orator saying that it was a shame that we were building such ships as the Oregon at an immense cost when money was so much more needed for the instruction of the children and youth of our land. I think that even he must have seen how the Oregon and her sister ships have justified their cost. We shall, of course, welcome the day when the nations of the earth shall need no more armies or navies; but while the nations are as they are, and while it is possible for one of them like Spain to stand before the world murdering non-combatants by the thousands, an obstruction to human rights, human interests, and human progress, vessels like the Oregon and commanders like Dewey, Sampson, Schley, Watson, Clarke, Philip, Taylor, and others of like merit must be forthcoming.

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With regard to the army, I should like to see in any new bill a very complete reorganization. First, the size and composition of the army will have to be adapted to present necessities. We have Hawaii. For this probably a single regiment of twelve hundred men raised and officered on the spot would be sufficient for all purposes One battalion could be placed on the active list and the other two be held in reserve, as is done in Switzerland. These two could meet for drill purposes as often as might be necessary each year, having their armory and equipments always complete and ready in case of need.

For Cuba, the Government has undertaken a peculiar task—namely, to give to the island a stable government. I should recommend twelve thousand men for the permanent force, very carefully chosen and officered. For a time about one-half of the soldiers ought to be immunes from this country, and at least two-thirds American officers from our own schools who have all the intelligence, acquirements, and high character of such as we send out from our Military Academy. The other half of the enlisted force could easily be drawn from Cuba. Under discipline, drill, and proper instruction, six thousand Cubans could be selected who would be already acclimated and make the best of soldiers. It would be wise to select the remaining one-third of the officers from Cuba, and to make a requirement that every such officer should be competent and should understand and speak the English language. The officers American born should understand the Spanish language well enough to converse in that tongue.

With regard to Porto Rico, which is about a hundred miles long and forty broad, a single regiment of twelve hundred men will be ample. The inhabitants have come to us cordially, and even their religious teachers are looking to our religious leaders for sympathy and help. In Porto Rico, to avoid misunderstandings, it would be well, if possible, to have every officer and man able to speak both the English and the Spanish tongue in the outset.

Now as to the Philippines. Supposing we at least hold the jurisdiction for a term of years in those islands, as we undoubtedly shall be obliged to do, there will of necessity be required during that time about twenty-four thousand men, besides a strong co-operating squadron of the navy, with such quartermaster's transports on hand as may be essential to pass from port to port. I should recommend that this twenty-four thousand be made up as quickly as it can be done with safety by a large use of the native population, precisely as the English have done in India. Only, I should be very careful to have a large ascendency of our own home-bred, thoroughly trained, and high-toned officers. There could be a small proportion of native officers without danger of insurrection or mutiny.

The active home establishment ought, as I have before pleaded, to furnish an average of a thousand men from each State. They ought to be enlisted from the States, as far as practicable, pro rata. We now have forty-four States. This would give us a home force of 44,000 aggregate of all arms, including, of course, the necessary engineer battalions, ordnance men, and medical assistants.

To recapitulate:

Total for Hawaii	1,200
" " Cuba	12,000
" " Porto Rico	1,200
" " Philippines	24,000
" " Home Establishment	44,000
Aggregate	82,400

In order to present at all times this aggregate of 82,400 on the active list, the numbers of artillery, cavalry, infantry, engineer battalions, ordnance, medical, enlisted, etc., it would doubtless be wise to make the general aggregate at least 100,000; then from time to time diminish as the needs diminish. But most of the Congressmen will be likely to say, "Your proposal is too much like a 'great standing army,' which our people have generally been against, especially in times of peace." Well, then, skeletonize one battalion in each regiment of the home establishment, as I proposed for the force at Hawaii. This would be a reduction for the active footing of about 15,000 men, leaving us for home and Hawaii 30,200 men. Nobody could object to that figure. The officers of the skeleton list would be needed for schools, colleges, embassies, and other innumerable details constantly arising. Our aggregate for constant active duty would then be:

For Hawaii and Home	30,200
" Cuba	12,000
" Porto Rico	1,200
" Philippines	24,000
Aggregate	67,400

That is to say, 67,400 officers and men, capable of expansion to 108,000 in case of emergency.

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A word more concerning the composition. There has been in some quarters a prejudice against the colored troops. No thoughtful man would justify a colored soldier in a crime. He cannot with his rifle in hand force barbers to shave him, nor sellers of beer to treat him, nor venders of goods to trade with him, against their will. He may have an action against parties who discriminate against him in his rights, and in the law lies his remedy. But, on the other hand, a whole race or a whole regiment must not be held accountable for the wrong acts of the individual man or soldier who is given up, when called for, to the tribunals of justice. Notice the conduct of some of our colored troops in action and at the yellow-fever hospital. One writer says:

"General Liscum is proud of his command, and he may well be. His regiment, the Twenty-fourth Infantry of the regular army, won a distinction for desperate valor that is scarcely equaled by any other in the service. The Twenty-fourth was the only regiment in the great Santiago struggle that had to charge up the hill at El Caney without the least protection from timber or the lay of the land, and made its fight in the open. It was at the head of these troops, leading them in their magnificent charge, that their commander, then Lieutenant-Colonel Liscum, fell, severely wounded. He won promotion and the general's star for conspicuous gallantry on the field of battle. The praises of the colored troops have been sung throughout the country, and most heartily in the army itself. But there is another side to the character of the men of the Twenty-fourth that is little known, but is more moving even than their heroism in the fight. There was a need of nurses and nurses' assistants to help care for the fever patients at Santiago. The Twenty-fourth is not a regiment of immunes. It was paraded by companies of those able to stand in line. The dreadful condition of the sick was explained to them, and they were told that whoever would volunteer to do nurse duty in the awful pest-hole might take one step forward. At the signal every man in the entire line advanced a step forward." The action was more touchingly eloquent than any words can be. From a letter written by Major Markley, now in command, we quote. He says: "We are on duty in a yellow-fever camp as nurses and attendants, voluntarily." After speaking of the sickness among the officers, he says that of the sixty-five men selected as nurses forty-four became sick and forty-four others took their places. He adds: "Taking down and putting up hundreds of tents and policing the filthy town has run the regiment down, so that to-day I could get but eleven out of sixteen for fatigue. The non-commissioned officers and all do all kinds of duty. The men are noble fellows; not one has shirked."

A few lines touching some of the lessons derived from the late war with Spain may not be amiss. First and foremost, do not let us forget that we have been raising up many officers to rank and position in the staff by a mistaken method. For example: Several inexperienced men have been taken straight from civil life, and, without a particle of examination, have been put into position in the pay, medical, engineer, adjutant-general, quartermaster, and commissary corps, each with the rank and compensation of Major. They have thus been placed above captains of the line who have been long in service, and always brave, true, and capable. I know the political pressure, and do not think that many officials in high place would have the nerve to resist that pressure, especially when it comes with the whole force of a Congressional delegation of a given State to push the claim for place. The remedy is to cut off from the appointing power the right by law thus to destroy or impair the *morale* of an army, and to do this by permanent legislation.

Another lesson is plain: Give a commander like Dewey or Merritt general instructions, clear and unmistakable, and then hold him responsible for their execution. We must, of course, get into place the right commanders, and help them to the best possible permanent staff officers. Equip them fully, and then trust them.

To run a whole medical corps from Washington in time of war is impossible, and any attempt to do so must be disappointing. General Fitz Hugh Lee, for example, commands the Seventh Army Corps. Let him primarily have a voice in the choice of his medical director, and then hold him, Lee, accountable for his hospitals and for all that goes with them.

The same reasoning applies to the Ordnance Corps. Years ago it was so done. The officer on the spot reported to his immediate General commanding. The Department at Washington caused his requisitions to be filled, giving a generous surplus, and

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then the War Department made the General himself responsible for the drafts, which were made on the depot or arsenal on the ground, or on the one nearest at hand.

Quartermasters and commissaries will do well, however hard and multifarious their duties may be, if they also be well chosen and then trusted. They cannot possibly serve two masters who are everlastingly at cross purposes. The General commanding a corps, a department, or a camp is *the* man who must govern his corps, department, or camp.

Again, I cannot help thinking that the President himself had better work the army through its commanding General. There would be sufficient scope for his Secretary of War to direct that General what to do, and to use all the supply departments to back up that same General in his tasks, and then hold him thoroughly responsible for the faithful execution of his instructions. If this course appears, in view of present legislation, to be impracticable or undesirable, then I would ask Congress to abolish the office of Commander of the Army altogether, and have it distinctly understood that the Honorable Secretary of War was *ex officio* that commander.

Now that the army must be enlarged, there ought never to be any doubt as to what officer commands the army. If we can fix this matter, and also prevent the lifting of inexperienced and incompetent persons into places which they are not fitted to fill, we shall have taken two steps towards relieving our army from confusion, discouragement, and unnecessary weakness. I am not casting blame, but begging for legislation to rid ourselves of an incubus, a bitterness, and a contention that we have inherited from Scott and Jefferson Davis.

In this article I have not named the National Guard. That Guard proved weak and unready in the hour of great National need. Some thought must be given to that important body by our United States legislators if we would ever have an organization complete and thoroughly fit for service when another nation bigger than Spain shall bang at our gates.

The Return of Bridget

By Mary Clarke Huntington

A MOIST earthiness exhaled from the sod, where delicate green spears were already showing, and pigeons on the mossy barn roof cooed accompaniment to slow drip of water along eaves as the sunshine of late March melted the last light snow. A flock of pure-bred Plymouth Rock fowls were scratching about the sunny side of the barn, and from the corner mow within jubilant cacklings heralded a newly laid egg. A bluebird tilting on a maple bough, a bit of more vivid blue against vividly blue sky, blithely fluted over and over that this delicious essence of awakening life which filled all the air was spring! spring! spring!

The vivifying quality of the atmosphere penetrated even to Patrick McDallagha's dreary consciousness as he sat in the barn door, smoking a stubby clay pipe, and trying to mend a broken whip-lash with a bit of cord. He looked across the orchard in which Miss Heminway's house was set, and noted the beauty of undulating hills meshed in vaporous blue. His face grew more forlorn as he looked.

"Shure, an' it's a foine wurrld we're afther livin' in so far as seein' is, but whin loife itsilf is considered, a wurrld av throuble it is, an' no misthake," he muttered with a sigh. "Throuble at havin' to come into the wurrld, an' throuble at havin' to lave it, an' throuble all in betwane."

A laugh made him turn quickly to see, standing behind him, Miss Heminway, his employer—a strong-featured, middle-aged woman, whose keen eyes gave an impression of being fully able to cope with the world, and whose cheerful voice indicated that she found it a very good world.

"And how is the world out of joint now, Patrick?"

Patrick, with the instinct of a gentleman, took the pipe from his lips.

"Shure, ma'am, an' Oi was niver thinkin' onybody would be hearin' me moans av disthress," he said, with an apologetic bob of the head. "Jusht philosophizin' Oi was—or at laste," he paused in confusion, and added honestly, "or at laste Oi was havin' a bit av talk wid mesilf about wan thing or anither,"

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Miss Heminway laughed again—such a jolly, rollicking laugh that a reflection of it smiled faintly about Patrick's mouth.

"We all talk with ourselves about one thing or another sometimes, I think. But what part of the world has gone wrong with Patrick McDallagha?"

Patrick crossed and uncrossed his legs, then stuck the pipe into his mouth upside down.

"Begorra, ma'am, 'tis all the wurrld's gone wrong with me. 'Tis me woife, ma'am."

Miss Heminway's face softened to sympathy.

"What is the matter? You must tell me if there is anything I can do."

"An' it's the kind harrut youse is afther havin', ma'am, but she's not sick. She's lift me!"

"Left you? Why, Patrick! And there are her old mother, and Patsy, and Micky, and Maggie, and little Biddy. Surely, Patrick, she hasn't left you!"

Her surprise and incredulity broke down Patrick's restraint. A savage puff at the inverted pipe scattered ashes over his knees.

"An' it's lift me she has intirely, ma'am. Rin away from mon, an' childer, an' ould blind mither, wid Tim Guigan, the feedler—a wasp-waisted spalpeen wid a smoile to his eyes but niver muscle enough to lift a bag av male. Och, wirra! wirra! An' whin Biddy an' Oi come from the ould counthry she was that happy wid her home she would niver so much as laugh at me rid hid. An' the purtiest gurrl she was, wid a dimple to her chin that made a mon want to kiss it in deeper, an' a way av sayin', 'Arrah, go long wid youse,' an' lookin' up under her lashes so youse couldn't go away nor youse wanted to. That was my Biddy, ma'am! An' loike her it is this very day, shure." The pride on his face faded suddenly as his loss rushed back upon him. His chin quivered in a way that made his six feet of height something pitiful.

"Perhaps it isn't so bad as you think, Patrick. You may be mistaken."

"Misthaken!" An angry light leapt to his eyes. "It's misthaken Oi am whin she says: 'Betther for me would it been had Oi married Tim Guigan, who axed me the day youse did yousesilf. A gay toime Oi'd be afther havin' wid him, an' not stay to home an' wurrk, wurrk, wurrk for a mon as won't get his childer shoes.' Thin whin Oi come home, gone she was—an' Tim Guigan meetin' me on the strate an' sayin', wid a wink; 'Good-by, me mon, an' good wishes to me, for Oi'm off to get me a house woman tasty-lookin' as youse own. Misthaken Oi am—is it?"

Miss Heminway's keen eyes fastened upon him in a way which he found uncomfortable.

"So you wouldn't get the shoes?"

He reddened.

"With siven to feed an' only wan wurrkin' for wage, 'tis ofthen shoes are wanted," he said, a bit sullenly. "It's not money to spend free Oi'm havin'."

"But what shall you do if your wife doesn't come back?"

"If she doesn't come back!" Patrick repeated, scornfully. "An' is it takin' her back youse think Oi'll be? Look at this, thin!" He pulled from his pocket a sheet of crumpled paper covered with a straggling scrawl, and read in a loud, determined tone:

"'RIN AWAY FROM PATRICK MCDALLAGHA. Whereas me woife, Mrs. Bridget McDallagha, has walked away wid hersilf, an' lift me wid her four shmall childer an' her poor ould blind mither, an' nobody ilse to look afther the hoose an' home, an' has taken oop with Tim Guigan, the feedler—this is to give notice that Oi will not pay for bite or sup on his or her account to mon or mortal, an' that she had betther niver show the mark of her tin toes near me hoose again. N. B. Tim would betther kape out av me soight.' Does that soond as if takin' her back Oi'd be?"

Miss Heminway reached for the paper with an indescribable expression, which Patrick's Irish intuition was quick to interpret.

"An' it's laughin' at me youse are, ma'am—laughin' at me whin me harrut is breakin'!"

Something came up in his throat, and choked further utterance. His eyes reddened, and his hand shook so that the tobacco-stained pipe fell upon the stone step in a dozen pieces. He turned away with masculine shame at showing such emotion, and busied himself over the half-mended whip.

"Well, Patrick, I'm sorry enough if this is true," said Miss Heminway, and her strong face showed only a sweet kindliness. "But I can't believe it of Bridget. She seemed so devoted to you."

"Shure, an' she was until Tim come aroond wid his feedle, an' feedled her harrut away. The divil fly off wid him! Savin' youse prisince, ma'am. Him—as hasn't any legs to sphake av, so thin they are! Look at moine now." He set his great feet wide

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apart, and gazed at them with mournful pride. "To think av Biddy lavin' me for such spindlin' legs as Tim Guigan's. Arrah! wouldn't Oi loike to woind this lash aroond thim bony shanks av his!" He cracked the whip with revengeful relish.

"Tim's legs must be usable if he has run away with your wife," said Miss Heminway, dryly. "Supposing you leave the paper with me over night, and in the morning post it if you wish. And I've changed my mind about your taking the horse to the smithy this afternoon. You may cut that dead spruce-tree by the garden wall—the one that was struck by lightning last summer."

Patrick strode away with the ax, and presently she heard the resonant smite of steel against wood. Active exercise would be better for him in his present mood than waiting around the blacksmith's, she thought. As she looked across the vaporous blue hills and wondered where was the recreant Bridget, a sound as of muffled sobbing came to her. But the barn's dim spaces showed empty of human life. Only the old horse gazed at her from his stall, and a pullet scratched among hayseed. Then again that muffled sobbing! She called: "Is any one in this barn?" The only response was a derisive cackle from the pullet as it scurried into the stable, its toe-nails clicking over the hard floor. "What a dunce I am!" murmured Miss Heminway. And she closed the barn door behind her.

People called Nancy Heminway a strong-minded woman because she lived alone a quarter-mile from neighbors on either side, and managed thriftily enough her neat farm of twenty acres. Now and again some disconsolate widower fastened his horse at her front gate—invariably coming away more disconsolate than he went; and she continued to look after her own acres and stocks and bonds. "When I get so I can't reckon a dividend or weed my posies, I'll marry," she would say, with a rollicking laugh. And then she would put out the cat, and put on her night-cap, and sleep as serenely behind bolted doors and shuttered windows as if neighbors were within call.

But on the night when Patrick had confided his domestic woes she waked with that peculiar sensation of some one being in the room which is so unmistakable and yet so indefinable.

"Who's here?" she demanded, sharply.

"Me," said a voice, as frightened as it was feminine.

Miss Heminway was out of bed in an instant, and the blue flicker of a match relieved the dark.

"Bridget McDallagha!" She lighted the lamp with a steady hand.

"Oi didn't know where ilse to go," said Bridget, meekly. Her long black hair had come loose and hung about her shoulders, and her shawl was trailing. As she looked up beseechingly Miss Heminway thought how very pretty she was. "Oi was hid in the barrn an' Oi heard youse an' Pat taikin', ma'am, an' youse stood oop for me, so Oi thought youse a frind—an' Oi jusht shlipped into youse wood-room, ma'am. You see, Oi got out wid Pat, an', thinks Oi, 'twould frighten him if Oi took mesilf off for the day widout warnin', so Oi rin doon an' hid in youse hayloft. An' now he's going to posht me. Och, wirra! wirra!" She began wringing her hands, and crying tempestuously.

"Don't be a child, Biddy," said Miss Heminway. "Lie down on that lounge, and let me sleep. I'm going back to bed."

She blew out the light, and there was no sound but her regular breathing. If Bridget lay awake thinking over the situation, Miss Heminway was ignorant of it. She slept calmly until morning gray peeped in at the shutters, and when she went out to the kitchen where Bridget was humbly making a fire, her shrewd eyes scintillated energetic decision. But instead of immediate reconciliation between man and wife, she, who was accustomed to control all under her, found pitted against her judgment a mild stubbornness which no argument could overcome. Bridget would not stay to breakfast—she would only take a boite in her hand an' be afther movin' on; but that she did not intend moving in Patrick's direction Miss Heminway felt convinced. Perplexed and annoyed, she asked sharply: "Are you quite sure Tim Guigan has nothing to do with this?"

The meek droop of Bridget's shoulders straightened to a poise which lifted her lithe figure above the strain of child-bearing, and home-making, and meeting poverty in an alien land. The color on her cheeks overspread all her delicate, irregular features; her Irish blue eyes shot fine scorn under black brows.

"When Oi was a gurrl, Pat wasn't the only wan, but he was me Pat thin—an' he is me Pat now. Good-marnin', Miss Heminway."

And Miss Heminway, watching the slender shawled figure down the walk, felt a sense of

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discomfiture that did not leave her until she discovered that the bill of posting was not where she had put it upon her bureau—then she began to enjoy the situation, and, smiling grimly, went to meet Patrick. But never a hint did she drop concerning Bridget, though she skillfully parried his every attempt to ask for the bill of posting. She felt quite willing now to await developments.

In a week's time anxious wrinkles showed between the red brows of Patrick; he walked with bent head; all the jolly Hibernicism of his nature seemed to have evaporated under the responsibility of being father and mother to four small children. He went silently about his work, and did not even replace the broken pipe. To Miss Heminway's inquiries he invariably replied that the childer were well an' hearrty—shure, they were! But he accepted with visible relief such cooked food as she gave him each night, saying that it might please the children.

"The ould mither can't see to cook—poor sowl! but she can knit rale foine, an' tidy up more 'n youse would think."

There was something so kindly in his face as he spoke of his wife's mother that Miss Heminway felt some resentment against Bridget for this prolonged absence, and misgiving as to her own part in the matter. Ought she to tell Patrick what she knew about the missing wife? He had come early to do the chores, as it was Sunday, and he had brought with him the four children, whose faces were happy, healthy, and dirty, under tangled hair, and whose clothes, like his own, showed evidence of masculine cobbling.

"Oi fetched thim to kape thim from bein' onaisy," he explained, apologetically. "If youse wouldn't moind, they'd enjoy toomblin' on the mows whoile Oi milk."

Miss Heminway listened with an odd pleasure as the shrieks and laughter of the "toomblin'" four came in at the window where she sat. When Patrick brought the milk, she ventured a bold remark.

"Little Biddy looks like her mother."

His face clouded.

"When does Bridget get home?"

"Whin?" he echoed. "Whin should youse be afther expectin' a woife as had rin away from her mon? Niver nade she be coomin' to Patrick McDallagha!"

Across the walk fell the shadow of a slim shawled figure. Miss Heminway, as she stood facing the door, saw the shadow, but Patrick's back was toward it.

"So you don't want Bridget to come home?"

"Niver!" Patrick's chin quivered so that he tried to cover consciousness of it by repeating in a resolute tone: "Niver! Oi can froy an' bile, an' Oi can sew. Shure, Oi'm not depindent upon ony woman. See how Oi've minded the sate av me throusers. Joost see."

"An' joost see the stitches in!" laughed a voice behind him. "It's a bit av little Biddy's light blue cloak he has been afther basthin' on the sate av thim throusers! An' the bulge av it—oh, Pat!"

None other than Bridget herself was it who stood there smiling as she had smiled when Patrick lost his heart to her among the bogs of Killarney—smiling under saucily lifted lashes, and showing the dimple in her chin until Miss Heminway forgot to blame her for this week's neglect of children and mother.

"Give me a kiss, Biddy," said Patrick, huskily.

Still smiling and dimpling, Bridget stepped backward.

"Oi'll give youse a prisint instead. Isn't a prisint better nor kisses?" And into his hand she pushed an unfolded slip of paper, from which looked back in his own straggling scrawl: "RIN AWAY FROM PATRICK MCDALLAGHA!"

"Biddy!"

The torn fragments of the bill of posting scattered over Miss Heminway's immaculate kitchen floor, and Miss Heminway, smiling a smile that was not wholly a smile after all, did not even notice the letter.

"An' Oi've a prisint for Patsy, too," Bridget went on gayly. "See—a pair av shoes. Whin youse said but the wan was wurrkin', Pat, Oi thought two would betther wurrk for a whoile. It's to Glenville mills Oi've been, at a dollar an' a quarther a day—an' back again Oi can go, now youse can cook an' mind youse throusers," she added, roguishly. "An', Pat, it is Tim Guigan I was matin' on the strate, an' he had his woife wid him."

Patrick looked down at his feet, but it was not pride in their size which he felt now. He was not even contrasting them with Tim Guigan's. Artful Bridget held to her position.

"An' if it is not at home youse is wantin' me, good-by to youse, Mr. Patrick McDallagha. But a kiss for the childer to carry back to the ould mither, an' a kiss for aich wan av thim—God bless thim!"

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She bent to the rosy faces, which had grouped about her. The six feet of masculinity opposite trembled with emotion.

"There's no home widout youse in it, Biddy," he said, weakly.

"Mamma cwy," piped little Biddy.

Bridget lifted the child to her shoulder, and the action hid her face.

"Oi'll joost go oop an' look at the pig. It must have grown in a wake," she said. "Good-evenin' to you, Miss Heminway."

The pale blue patch on his black trousers bulged more grotesquely than ever as Patrick lumbered out of the yard behind his wife. Miss Heminway laughed, and picked up the scattered bits of the bill of posting. When she looked again, the golden west above the hill silhouetted two figures—one of a woman with a child in her arms, the other of a man who bent to kiss her, while in the background three other and smaller figures capered joyously.

Three Poems[1]

[Mrs. Ella Higginson is a writer whose work will be new to many readers in this part of the country, although her name appears on several volumes of prose and verse. "A Forest Orchid, and Other Tales," which bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company, contains short stories with the mark of a fresh imagination and a free hand upon them; stories which touch life at first hand, and are in more than one instance unusually vivid in style. Mrs. Higginson's father and mother were pioneers, of the type which has had so much to do with the making of the Northwest. They crossed the plains to Oregon in 1864, and settled in the Grand Ronde Valley. Mrs. Higginson lives within sight of Puget Sound, and is a lover of land and sea as they appear in the romantic and beautiful country about her. From her latest volume of poems, "When the Birds go North Again"—a very attractive piece of book-making—The Outlook reproduces three selections, by the courtesy of Mrs. Higginson's publishers, the Macmillan Company, of this city.—The Editors.]

Four-Leaf Clover

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry-blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another in for luck—
If you search you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong—and so—
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

When the Birds go North Again

Oh, every year hath its winter,
And every year hath its rain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass springs green on the plain,
And the alder's veins turn crimson—
And the birds go North again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over—
Why, the birds go North again.

The Way Thou Singest

Ah, I have heard a meadow-lark
Sing o'er the growing corn
In notes of passion and desire,
At early primrose morn—
So full and rich and sweet,
My heart with rapture beat,
And for remembered years
Up sprang the tears. . . .
And here—and now—
So singest thou!

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And I have heard—and seen—the notes
Of a brief summer rain
Burst into sudden, lyric gold
Upon the window-pane—
When the sunset's lucent flame
For one sweet instant came—
Born of the rain's desire
And the sunset's fire. . . .
And here—and now—
So singest thou!

I dreamed I heard an angel sing
With rapt and lifted eyes;
With marvel in his voice and look
And in his heart surprise
That the angels leaned from sleep
To hear and bow and weep,
Thinking of ones loved so
On earth below. . .
And here—and now—
So singest thou!

Spiritual Values in Modern Bible Study[1]

By the Rev. J. F. Genung

[Professor John Franklin Genung, of Amherst College, is best known to Bible students by his monograph on the Book of Job—"The Epic of the Inner Life"—which is one of the best fruits of the modern methods of Bible study, and one of the best illustrations which recent Biblical literature furnishes of the free, constructive, and hopeful spirit for which he argues so strongly in the following sermon. The sermon is to be recommended alike to those who believe in the modern method, because it so effectively illustrates the spirit in which that method should be employed, and to those who dread the modern method, because it expounds so clearly the reasons for hopefully believing that its ultimate result will be a deeper and more rational reverence for the Bible, and a saner and more practical spiritual life.—THE EDITORS.]

Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph. And Nathanael said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see.—John i., 45, 46.

I HAVE chosen this text not so much for the sake of the announcement it makes as for the sake of the spirit it reveals; which spirit, if I have judged Philip rightly, seems to me an eminently wholesome one to apply, in these modern days, to the study of the Bible. It is as a student of the Bible—what Bible he had, our Old Testament—that Philip brings his discovery to Nathanael; it is as a student of the Bible as it has hardened into a commonly received view of the Bible—a very different thing—that Nathanael responds with a doubt. And in that frank, friendly receptiveness, that openness of mind to new light, which sums all up with Come and see, there is something very engaging; we are tempted to say, Here is the simple solvent of the spiritual perplexities which the modern critical study of the Bible is undeniably forcing upon us. Come and see: not hold off and prejudge the question; keep mind and heart open and sane and fair: there are hope and promise in such an attitude as this; it is the true spiritual antiseptic.

[1] A sermon preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, October 30, 1898.

The simple, naïve joy of Philip as he makes his announcement to Nathanael has two grounds. It is, first, the joy of discovery. He has found a new thing, a new glory in his Bible, a new truth and significance in what "Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write." Secondly, it is the joy of identification. That great discovery of his has no estranging look; in "Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph," the truth that has loomed large and dim in ancient lore comes close home, enters his own neighborhood and way of life, stands clear and plain in the light of common day.

Now, in this simple joy of discovery and identification focuses, I think, the spiritual uplift and enriching that we, with the scholars, may assuredly derive from the modern phase of Bible study. The two make up one fervor and quickening. The one welcomes adventurously the new and strange truths that meet us, the things that enlarge the spirit as our exploration pushes onward and inward toward eternity. The other clings loyally to the old and familiar, as in all this mystery of revelation it recognizes the homely links of plain fact and experience that bind it to common life. Both are eminently characteristic of our inquiring age. The prevailing scientific spirit and methods, by which I

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mean the spirit of accurate, dispassionate observation and homage to the fact—this spirit, God's great gift to this century, sobers and steadies, but does not chill, this fervor of exploration and recognition. Therefore we may be sure that the age's critical temper, stern and venturesome as it looks, is in the way of sound spiritual upbuilding. It is clearing the ground, I believe, for a reunion of faith and reason, of the transcendent and the common, such as long generations have not seen. Only, it must be guided; the Higher Hand must make it mild and kind; and in this transition time it must be careful of innovations. This is what I wish to show you.

I. The joy of discovery, such joy as voices itself in Philip's cry, "We have found him" —this certainly is one source of spiritual enlargement, to be cherished and kept unchilled in these days of critical disillusion. This joy of discovery is a kind of permanent youthfulness; there is health and courage and bounding life in its veins; it betokens that the senses are unworn and tender, and the whole man is awake in every part. It is no new thing. It cannot be monopolized by our age of complacent research, as if we alone had come upon the true mount of vision, and all before us had groped sadly in gloom. It does not depend on any one manner of approach, scholarly or literary or devout. The early expositors who covered Scripture with allegory and mystic symbol; our austere forefathers, who made it an arena for systems of portentous theology; the later exegetes who sifted every word and syllable for treasures of minute suggestion; and, least of all to be ignored, our hardy, toiling ancestors to whom in rare leisure moments the Bible, in its true character of an "all-man's-book," has been meat and drink, has been woven text by text into their lives—all these are discoverers; all these, each by his own road, have found their way to the common center of spiritual quickening; the joy that we of the modernest school get from Scripture study we share with them. And thus from the unbroken ages of history has gone up one mighty incense of faith and fervor and joy of spiritual response, as men according to the peculiar conceptions of each era have comprehended something of the depth and fullness of that word which from the unseen places has been bestowed on a needy race. Ill for us, ill for the race, if that volume of happy response whose fruit is larger truth and spiritual upbuilding should cease or any whit subside.

Modern Bible study has not broken with the older Bible study. It can cordially acknowledge that the old, as it has fitted its time and served a noble purpose, has also left behind a priceless permanent element, a residuum which will not die. And now by the same spirit of faith and eager discovery the modern is pushing on to meet and answer new questions, questions which the intellectual bent and attitude of the time are making imperative. In so doing it is but responding to a necessity. We cannot change the intellectual current of the age. It is too mighty for us. It has been gathering head for a century, and in spite of our struggle it carries us with it—unless, indeed, we choose to be stranded outside, in the ideas and traditions of the past. As men of faith and spiritual enterprise, we owe our age a duty: to obey it in the color and method of its thought, while in spirit we make it obey the truth. And if the truth, loyally sought, assume strange guise and make old views impossible, yet still with the modern eyes God has given us we must recognize its eternal claim, and with this our modern tongue we must translate it to men.

But at this point the temper and attitude of modern study are forcing upon us a difficulty, which our spiritual sense must surmount if it would survive at all. To many whose faith is molded on old lines it seems as if in securing the substance of discovery, whatever it is, modern Bible study were missing the spirit. Hitherto men's research has ministered to fervor and devotion; it has walked as in the immediate presence of the divine, and forborne to lay unhallowed hands on a single word or assertion of sacred writ; has listened with the rapture of awe and utter trust, as at the accents of the Holy Ghost. How rude and sweeping seems the change from all this! The modern Higher Criticism seems so bold, so cold-blooded, seems so to have reduced our long-cherished ideas of inspiration, of authenticity, nay, of historical fact and reality, from crystallization back to solution, that the old sense of spiritual values is bewildered and affronted. How can there be spiritual value in what seems in risk of being revolutionized from the very foundation? Can the enthusiasm of discovery, so applied, be anything but the insane glee of an unregenerate brain over ingenious manipulations of ancient history and text, making

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our sacred Book a thing of wax to be pulled this way and that as some heartless critic pleases? Can a spiritual faith, or devotion, or integrity exist in such an atmosphere? can it survive such an ordeal? Where is the fervor, where the joy, with which men used to search the Word, deeming that therein was eternal life? Has not an over-sophisticated age stolen the heart of the Bible student and brought the truth under eclipse?

To all this I answer, it cannot be maintained that Bible study has become cold-hearted. In fact, the whole spirit of modern Scripture research is animated by something very like a religious revival; and to its truest exponents there are given visions of deeper-laid, more fundamental spiritual grounding than has ever been discovered before. The revival we are in is not a hallelujah revival. Scholars are not waxing eloquent over their discoveries; but this is no conclusive indication that the fervor of discovery is absent. The real though undemonstrative intensity of the age might escape the hasty observer. It manifests itself as accords with the scientific spirit which so controls the age's thought, through the faithful and accurate observation of facts, and through absolute loyalty to the fact whatever its leading. And thus, far beyond what we trace in former ages, the spirit is fed and maintained through the intellect. In more pietistic periods the Bible has wrought its work by rousing to outspoken fervor and emotional demonstrativeness; but these pietistic moods, helpful as they were, may have betokened a less intellectualized, less sanely balanced age. Education, matter-of-fact thinking, the general diffusion of learning and literature, are an influence to subdue, and at the same time steady, mind and character; and thus the age becomes less demonstrative, has a deeper life within, is less at the sway of emotional moods and waves. This shows itself in various ways. There is no denying it, the old-fashioned revival season is inexorably dying out, as men come to think more of the steady religious life, the life that begins deliberately and holds out as it began, and of the blessedness that the real though unadvertised spiritual life may enjoy in privateness and retiring. Conversion is no longer held to be necessarily attended with pangs and excitement. And when it is seen that a true Christ-spirit may show itself in a secret charity or sacrifice without ever being recorded on a roll of saints, even church-going ceases to be the conclusive index of a religious life. These things answer to the character of an age which is inveterately trying, in learning and life, to penetrate beneath show to substance. Bible study obeys the same impulse. It takes into itself the spirit of the more staid and educated mind of the time; it feeds on rational ideas more, on emotions and marvels less. Its piety is not the less real for being not so much an outspoken profession as a character and motive power. It finds edification not so much in miracles and supernatural predictions as in the orderly ongoings of history and the quiet evolution of a nation's life and literature. Look into its work, even where it seems most revolutionary, and you will find that it is merely seeking the natural color, the actual unglamoured reality, of things; and to this end it traces the working of those natural and psychological laws which make ancient and modern ages one continuity, one divine progress. There is no denying that such study sometimes yields results at which the explorer starts back surprised; but when, in his loyalty to fact and faith, he recovers from the shock, he sees events falling into their ordered place, and assuming a familiar look, and no reasonable demand of truth or devotion invaded. This is his process of discovery, full of joy and fervor; but it is the fervor which glows, not flames, the deep fervor of homage to truth and order and spiritual law. Before we judge modern critical study, therefore, as lacking in spiritual depth or devoutness or sympathy, let us be sure the evidence is all in. It may be simply obeying the earnest and loyal though undemonstrative trend of a studious, reality-seeking age.

The joy of discovery is not the malicious joy of seeing old errors go and insulting them as they disappear; rather it is the singing of the morning stars that a new world, furnished as a rational sense can recognize, is rising over the chaos of a bewildering past. For there is no blinking the fact: as soon as the lens of science and sober history is turned upon the traditional view, especially of the Old Testament past, it *is* chaos, it is bewildering. To retain the old Scripture consciousness unchanged, in our century's fierce light, a man must needs cherish the same mind that would believe the fables of the Talmud and the Alcoran. The old view must go; a new one, liberalized and purified, though not necessarily alien, must take its

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place. There is one safe way to develop this new view; and that is, by working creatively, constructively, centering attention on positive results, not on negative jetsam; and thus, over the chips and dust and scaffolding of research, seeing the new temple always rising, stone by stone. When we build, we do not rejoice over what is chipped off, or think of the stone that is rejected. It is only what has part in the living structure that is remembered, for that alone has life and function.

Herein, friends, if anywhere, lies the spiritual indemnity for the innovation that cannot be evaded. We owe it to the established view, which has nurtured so many godly though uncritical minds, and round which cluster so many sacred associations, to be wisely careful how we disengage men's clinging hearts from what has taken such vital hold of them. Bacon's large wisdom may do us a service here. "It were good," he says, "that men in their innovations would follow the example of time itself; which indeed innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived." Larger, because more Christian, is the wisdom of St. Paul, whose delicate regard for souls dictated such words as these to the erring Corinthians: "Therefore—lest being present I should use sharpness—I write these things being absent; according to the power which the Lord hath given me to edification, and not to destruction." Power given him to build up, and not to tear down—how much of the creative spirit that broods over the world breathes in that! That expresses the tact, the fine reticent tenderness, which may sweeten while it by no means enfeebles the higher criticism. And I believe it is entirely practicable. It calls merely for the supremacy and integrity of the constructive spirit; we have but to ignore what is outworn and rejected. and dwell consistently with what is luminous and vital. As the structure of positive truth rises into beauty and organism, the unreal negative falls away of itself; it need not even be dismissed. My faith is large in the wisdom of a timely silence. Suppose, for illustration, the unsparing time to come should bring a phase of mind wherein, in spite of struggle, miracles should seem unreal and cease to have any appeal for you. You have not to rush into the street saying, That record of miracles is false. Simply keep still. Silence and waiting are your wisdom Do you say that it is being dishonest to your discovery? Why, no; it is simply withholding judgment when you have no insight to judge with. After all, it may take only blindness or stupidity to say a thing is not so. Who knows but a deeper spirit-sense, or a juster estimate of the divine agencies of history, may some day make those very miracles assume a new light and become, not reasonable alone, but inevitable? It is mere prudence to keep silence when speech would only advertise our limitations. It is higher than prudence, it is brotherly love, to keep silence about those things whereof speech would not edify.

And this generally we may say of the negative things, the things that we no longer accept, whether because they do not find us or because we have found a better which extinguishes them. So far as negative, let them be ignored as non-existent. So far as negative, I say; for what is barren and unauthentic in one relation may be true and living in another. What fails as historic fact may be mighty as an idea; may be built into the history or religion or literary imagination of a people, and be a power of untold things. Did David ever slay Goliath? Professor Cornill says no. But the faith which trusted Jehovah beyond spear and shield, which faith was perhaps the spiritual artistry to create the story—*that* was a fact of Hebrew history, and it wrought a work which no competent historian of Israel can ignore. Now, this points to what I mean by wisdom of silence and wisdom of speech. I mean that in modern Bible study, wherein such changes of view are impending, it is for us to find wherein those old accounts are true and mighty, whether as fact or as an idea, and hold to that positive power of them, until the creative, discovering, affirmative spirit has reconstructed in its beauty and unity the living temple of Scripture truth. If in so doing we are silent about what is rejected, it is because in fact our dealing with it is not rejection, but rather a quiet, kindly process of absorbing the old tissue and shaping its elements into the self-justifying growth of a new creation.

II. The joy of discovery, the spiritual enlargement that comes from exploring new regions of truth—this, in our scientific-minded age, is pre-eminently a joy of identification. In all ranges of research it is so—a joy engendered less by what is new than by what is familiar. To recognize in old histories and literatures the same motives

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and sentiments, the same beating heart of humanity, the same laws of life and being, that are operative here and now; to flood the dusky past with the light of common day—this, as it seems to me, is the quest that more than all else to-day gives aim and purpose to historical study. It is as if—to draw a parallel—the age, no longer thrilled by high romance, with its prodigies of adventure and scene, had centered interest and taste in the novel of ordinary life, wherein characters as commonplace as we meet our experiences under the gray of our skies.

We can think how such animating spirit will place the emphasis and relation of things. It is impatient of marvels and exceptions. It is intent on extending the sphere of universal laws and energies. It has the vision of one scientific unity, one world, one vast idea, to which every thought and event, past and present, sublime and lowly, ranks as tributary. Applied to Scripture study, this spirit of identification is changing, in spite of ourselves, the whole color of things. It is leaning all weight on the human element. It is stripping away the glamour of the mystic and supernatural. Miracles, vaticinative prophecy, even inspiration, in any definitive sense, are not denied, but it does look as if they were under eclipse. They do not feed men's mind and faith as they once did; they are not spontaneously rested in, but tacitly evaded as things to be excused and accommodated. I do not say this because I want it so. I am trying to describe what the years have brought upon us. The temper of the age, the scientific sense that God has given us, have made it so. And in this very fact we may have confidence and courage. Out of it is going to come, in due time, great access of light and revealing. Nay, we have not to wait: out of it *is* coming all the while light of the calmer, more tempered ray, and even now it is deepening daily toward things of untold significance.

Meanwhile, as one result of this passion of identification, we must see our Bible, which once inspired such awe, submitting to an amazing freedom and assurance of approach. Men are treating it as a comrade rather than as an oracle. In the way in which they hold its records and events before us we are sometimes startled with a sense of shrinkage and disillusion; the truths hitherto remote and unapproachable seem strangely small and plain. It cannot well be otherwise, perhaps, if the scientific method is admitted at all; and we cannot forswear that. But when the moment of shock has passed, and we are aware of the new relations that have adjusted themselves, we shall get a spiritual uplift and communion more than compensating. The identification which is the joy of science will also be the joy of reverent insight. For there, in our common light, in our wonted life, we shall see, if no longer a haze and halo, yet the more inspiring sight of men our brothers, with whom we can strike hands and mingle common experience; men whose songs and stories and statutes and counsels we may read, and, just because we have not put these in some sacred remote region, as if they were in heaven or beyond the sea, may find them thrilling us with that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. It is no real shrinkage when men who have walked larger than human through history assume such normal proportions that we can measure their steps by ours.

This identification, then, reduces itself to studying the Bible just like any other book; without prepossessions; treating its words like the most essentially human words, its histories like the most secular histories; judging it by the insight and data that we have in possession; and reporting just what our own eyes see—these eyes which, as we believe, the accurate scientific sense has cleared of color-blindness. This does not betoken the profane joy of shattering some idol or shrine. Rather, we study this Book like another book because of our eagerness to live over again, in reconstructive imagination, its actual life, entering into that life's details step by step, and following it with hearty fellowship to its culmination in that Personage who, whatever more He was, also comes close to our humble craft and neighborhood, as "Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph."

What do we thus identify? And what may a sound, manly spirit gather therefrom?

First of all, we identify facts—the plain, actual, uncolored facts that underlie our Scripture records. The necessity of doing this has become imperative; the survival of very precious interests depends on it. Does this imply that we have been following cunningly devised fables? Is it not a truth, beyond sacrilegious invasion, that our faith is built on what is perfect, inspired, inerrant, whether as fact or doctrine? To which the inexorable age answers, We are told so, but we do not know; and men

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whose function is criticism and historical research deny such inerrancy of fact. Further, the spirit of the time urges, If the Bible is true, surely it can make its claim good. As matters are, however, despite its evident priceless value, it is in danger of total rejection by some, if it is allowed to go untested and unverified. Men will none of it if you insist on their approaching it with a kind of doctored sense which, because it is religious, cannot see a historical contradiction plain before its eyes. The double consciousness thus required is impossible to some. Modern Bible study is the response to such objections, which, being of the age, we feel with the rest. It virtually says, Be it so; we, as believers, will take the matter into our own hands. It is for our interest no less than for that of doubters to know exactly what occurred in those old times, and when, and how. If, unwittingly, we have sophisticated one side of our mind, and harbored a Sunday consciousness *versus* a week-day consciousness, it shall be so no longer. We could not have it so, and remain sincere. And this spiritual joy, at least, we shall get from our rigid test and identification of fact—the joy of being entirely honest, entirely at one with ourselves; and this is much. "Unite my heart," was the Psalmist's prayer; can it be that this studious age is showing us how to obtain the answer to this prayer by being simply, unflinchingly honest to fact?

Secondly, we dare to admit and identify the fictions of Scripture. Here, even in the effrontery of using the word, I am aware that I encounter an inveterate prejudice. Fiction? That anything in the Bible should have been made up out of some writer's head, should be, therefore, at the mercy of some man's imperfect knowledge, or fallible judgment, or wayward fancy—how can the thought be admitted? How can amanuenses of the Holy Ghost write anything but authentic fact? Men concede the Bible as literature, and they identify its forms—poems, histories, legal codes, orations, letters—but they are exceedingly reluctant to put fiction in the list. Strange, this reluctance, at first thought, in a century whose foremost culture-agency is fiction; not so strange when we consider it a moment. For in it is involved the core of the present Scripture issue. We give up slowly. We ought to do so; ought not to relinquish one view until a better is ready for its place. Years ago the battle was fought with physical science, and the first chapter of Genesis, when it gave up the fight, lost no whit of that higher truth which alone it was intended to teach. At present the historic and literary records are under fire; and it is possible that many an alleged fact will have to go, as Biblical science did. It is no more than natural if history dies hard. For we must see the next point of support, must see truth ahead, before we quit this one. If we give up matter of fact, if we call any part of the Bible literary fiction or legend, the invention of a human mind or the crude growth of a nation's traditions, what truer thing is in sight to fasten to? Clearly, the prejudice against acknowledging fiction in Scripture is natural.

Nevertheless, it is in this direction, in the direction, I mean, of fervid evolved literature, as distinguished from mere reportage of fact, that our refuge lies. And the refuge is sufficient. For it is an escape from the letter which killeth the spirit which giveth life. Take those ancient records by the spirit-sense, as was intended in the writing of them, and the investigation of fact becomes merely an antiquarian amusement, interesting, but absolutely inert as applied to the real power of the Bible. It can never do any real good to prove that David actually killed Goliath, or that the whale actually swallowed Jonah; it will never stir a ripple of real disturbance to Bible truth if both these stories, as literal fact, are disproved. The truth, the vitality, that they undeniably possess lies beyond the domain of fact, beyond its power either to support or impair; they are *truer* than fact. This is what we have yet to discover; so to discover, I mean, as to rest in it. For the old crude idea that fact and truth are the same keeps rising up to disquiet us; the educative powers of this age have yet to perfect in us that literary sense which for practical uses we may call the spirit-sense—it is in essence the same. The passion of identification is upon us; but it will do a very wooden work if it stops with prosy verifications of fact; it will take all the juice out of the Bible. What we need is to identify, in that shadowy past, what we see working all around us, what indeed is the real culture-power of the world, the free life and play of the energizing, aspiring, creative human spirit, incessantly working the materials of its world into its own ethereal substance. Here in the Book we have the priceless record of it. We see how, out of its world long ago, the same human spirit, working no matter with what unseen

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impulsion, evolved undying truths and laws and lessons; how it packed its naïve legends and traditions full of them; how it wove them into its childlike views of nature and the world; how it vitalized the prosaic annals of its history by them. And these truths live on unchanged when all their scaffolding of dead fact or legend has crumbled away. After all, it is the spirit-product alone that has life, that appeals to us; and we commune with it, not by the fact-sense, but by that sense which gathers truth alike from fact and fiction.

Here, then, we reach the final identification, which, when the spirit-sense is matured and clarified, will no longer be in abeyance—the identification of the supernatural. Do not think our appreciation of miracles and prophecy and inspiration, which I said was under eclipse, has gone to stay. Our eyes are holden, that is all; holden until the spirit is grown and larger vision is given. The identifying mind has merely let the transcendent things go for a time, in order that through lowlier tracts of thought it may work up step by step toward their supreme truth, seeing at the same time the whole unbroken road which leads from the level up to them. For the faith that they are has never left us; we are merely waiting, and in honesty of soul keeping silent, until we can discover *what* they are. We study the Bible like any other book; and this is right. But well we know in our heart of hearts that more truly we cannot study the Bible like any other book. As soon as we stand within its venerable precincts it lays power and authority upon us. Here are words before which we cannot remain neutral, words that tingle and quicken and search us like a fire. Some of them lay bare, as with imperial fiat, the deeps of the world, and of coming ages they are prophetic; others there are, flaming with beneficent love, before which demons and diseases flee away—they are miraculous. Wherein lies their power? It is still there, unimpaired, when we no longer give them scientific value. It will survive the wreck of authentic history. Men have tried to name it; they have called it inspiration, and then filled libraries with books attempting to define what the word means; and no one could exactly tell, beyond this, and in this all are agreed, that it is the realest, indisputablest thing in the Bible; that its presence and power sets the Bible apart from human literature forever, and makes it the perennially modern book of the centuries. Toward the fuller vision of this truth we are advancing, in the joy of discovery and in the joy of identification. We are bringing, as never men have done, all the resources of a scientific age, of accurately trained powers, of rigid loyalty to fact, to brace and guide us. But we are still children. The subject of our contemplation is high, infinite, eternal; we must grow to it. Larger eyes must be given us, eyes not of sense and intellect alone, but of the spirit. The final values, too, must be, not in pride of attainment, but in liberal sanity of spirit; that spirit which hallows and chastens our scholarly candor, our literary discernment, our fervor of investigation; that Holy Spirit, whereby, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image, from glory to glory.

Sunday Occupations for Children

By Ida M. Gardner

ONE of the greatest problems in the Christian household is, how to occupy the little ones on Sunday, in such a way as to make the day a holy, happy time, without depriving their elders of the needed rest and quiet.

The problem must be solved with justice to all, and for the happiness of all.

In the first place, it must be clearly admitted by the older members of the family that the children's claim to recognition on Sunday is legitimate. No one expects children to take care of themselves wholly on week-days. Why should they be expected to reach a higher level on Sunday, when their elders are quite likely to be more inclined to self-indulgence and to shift family responsibility upon any one who will carry it?

It is often asserted that children are worse on Sunday than on any other day in the week. The fact is that on week-days the occupations of adults are largely active, and challenge the children's attention. On Sundays, when every one is reading or writing or sleeping, the little ones feel left out and lonely, and begin to ask, in that tone which every mother dreads to hear, "What can I do now, mamma?"

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There is no reason why the whole family should be sacrificed to entertaining the children, nor why one member of the family should always do the work. Let the grown-up people take turns on successive Sundays, and on such a day give up the thought of personal enjoyment, except as it comes incidentally. In some families it would work better to assume charge of the children in alternate hours.

If convenient, take the children entirely away from the rest of the family during certain hours; but never let a Sunday pass without some unrestricted family intercourse, in which the children are as welcome as the grown-up people.

When not on duty for the following Sunday, be quietly preparing for your day. Save that pretty child's story in the stray paper that falls into your hands. Cut out that bright little poem. That illustrated book-catalogue is a whole mine of treasures, especially the words in large type, for sentence-building on the principle of the Battle of Words. Here is the old blank-book you were about to throw into the waste-basket. Cut out five or six leaves every now and then and it is ready for use. Sharpen those stubs of lead-pencils, and lay them away with the rest. Do not store those old magazines in the attic to accumulate dust. Put them to Sunday service. As soon as the idea really takes possession of one, it is astonishing to see how fertile in invention one becomes. Keep a little note-book near by, and jot down your inspirations, lest you forget them.

One of the writer's happiest memories of Sunday grew out of a custom of spending Sunday afternoons "choosing papa's poem." From "Songs for the Little Ones at Home," and other books of juvenile poetry, we were to choose the prettiest poem we could find, and copy it out neatly and accurately in every detail, to hand to papa at a certain hour. Those who succeeded in making a perfect copy had some special token of his pleasure. Perhaps they sat beside him at tea, or sat on his knee and chose the hymns to be sung in the twilight. In summer we were allowed to do this work out-of-doors. An old carriage-seat was fastened up in the apple-tree for us, and long hours of delight we spent in our "bower." There was another side to all this, never intended, but of great practical value. Not one of us ever had to be taught to begin a line of poetry with a capital. We had done it so much that it became second nature to do it. Punctuation of poetry was learned in the same unconscious way. A habit of accurate copying was formed, invaluable in later years. The time spent over a poem fastened it indelibly in the memory. Before we were twelve we knew by heart dozens of the best juvenile poems, and many of a higher order which it has always been a delight to know.

For the very little children who cannot read or write, there is a lovely outdoor amusement. Stake off a square yard of the lawn for each child. Let the children find, and bring for preservation in a book made of soft blank newspaper, every different kind of leaf or flower to be found in that square yard of turf. On succeeding Sundays do the same, adding the new ones that have sprung up during the interval. Following this up through a season will, with a little guidance, teach the little ones how everything has its season, its seedtime and harvest. As one plant after another "dies," they can be taught that it is really to make ready for another return next year. Beautiful lessons can be learned out there under the trees in the summer weather! In the winter those collections can be arranged in little books, to be given to somebody. Always dignify the employment, whatever it is, by giving it a purpose.

Winter employment for Sunday afternoons can be getting up an "entertainment" for papa and mamma, for the early evening, when each child is to be ready with some part. When the programme has been arranged, copies can be written for each member of the family. The idea is capable of infinite variation, according to taste, to family ideals and accomplishments. The entertainment might include the recitation by all present of favorite Bible verses; singing, by the very little ones, of some infants' hymn; a concert recitation of some Psalm; a recitation of some very tiny poem by the youngest; a Bible story told by one of the children who cannot read; a reading of some pretty story by an older child; music on piano or violin by any of the children who play; papers by the older children on such subjects as Gordon, the Christian Hero.

A photograph or a cut from a magazine may be given each child to write up the story as found in the Bible or in the magazine article from which the cut is taken. These stories, with their pictures, would be most acceptable at the hospitals. Picture scrap-

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books are always welcomed there. Hospital children are delighted at the sight of something from outside. Little books of favorite Bible verses, written in childish characters, would not be despised by the patients in the adult wards. A bright little story which well children enjoy would be doubly appreciated by the little girl who lies flat on her back with her head in a cast, and can read only by holding her book up at arm's length over her head, resting the book on the head of her bed. Copy dozens of little stories. There is room for them all. For the grown-up people, write on cards a noble thought that would help them to endure. Writing hospital letters is a fine field for enlargement to the writers as well as joy to the little shut-ins. A dozen children in a Chicago hospital were happy for hours over some little double stars cut from white paper, and opening like a book, with a little Bible verse written inside. Crosses were equal favorites.

There is a teacher in Chicago who for fifteen years has given on Monday mornings a little talk to her pupils on some matter pertaining to high morals, asking them to make a special effort during the week in that direction. On Friday afternoon they write her a little letter telling of the success or failure of the week. It is understood that these letters are strictly confidential. The letters are returned Monday morning, with a little written word of encouragement or suggestion.

There is a thought here for fathers and mothers. If the children on Sunday wrote little letters about the week's successes or failures, they could often speak out their little heart troubles and give explanations of things that perhaps won reproof when they should have had at least sympathy.

Then, when the children are in bed and the light is out—be sure that the light is out—go and sit beside them and talk to them heart to heart. Treat them with respect for their inner experiences, and make them feel sure of your perfect sympathy, and your children will never shrink from confiding in you. It may be that those little letters will not only do away with a large part of family discipline, but save your child in the hour of peril.

Books and Authors

Charles the Great[1]

It is a signal fortune to students of history in general and of the Charlemagne age in particular that the brilliant condensation of a great historian's work should be included in the low-priced volumes which comprise the "Foreign Statesmen" series. The story of this notable epoch is well worth the student's reading. From his previous reading such striking events of that epoch as the "Filioque" addition and the crowning in St. Peter's remain most in mind; afterwards he begins to doubt whether the ecclesiastical policy of Charles the Great was, after all, of permanent benefit to mankind; nay, whether his assumption of the imperial title *at the hands of the Pope* was altogether expedient. What escapes the ordinary reader in his ordinary reading, however, is here brought out with clearness if not always with picturesqueness. The hope of Charles's conquest of Italy, to found an enduring kingdom, was frustrated by the death of his son Pippin. Had that son lived and transmitted his scepter to his descendants, argues our author, some of the glorious fruits of art and literature which were ripened in the independent Italian republics of the Middle Ages might never have been brought forth; but the Italians, though they would have been a less artistic people, would have been spared much bloodshed and trouble. What we have to remember is that the really enduring work of Charles was his extension and consolidation of the Frankish kingdom. While one cannot see that he did much for what we now know as France, for Germany he was the master-builder. Dr. Hodgkin takes us step by step—though the limits of the book compel long steps—showing us how the conversion of the Saxons, the subduing of the Bavarians, the checking of the Danes and Slavs, and, perhaps most momentous of all, the crushing of the Avars, gave to the Teutonic race that supremacy in central Europe which, despite all later ebb and flow, has never been surrendered.

Another matter which has perhaps escaped the student who has readily recognized these facts is Charlemagne's influence on literature and science. Yet, after reading

[1] *Charles the Great.* By Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L. The Macmillan Company, New York. 75 cents.

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what Dr. Hodgkin has to say, we must hail the great ruler as an equally great benefactor. More than to any other monarch we owe to him the fact that the precious literary inheritance of Greece and Rome was not lost. Himself imperfectly educated, he valued education in others and furthered it with all his might. The impulse he gave to classical studies resulted in some of the best manuscripts; in his reign, too, the clear "minuscule" of the Irish scribes was substituted for the uncouth Langobardic characters. He also paid special attention to the careful editing of the prayer-books. His establishment of an academy in his palace is well known; what is not so well known is the fact that this was followed by schools under his patronage at Würzburg, Fulda, Utrecht, Tours, and elsewhere. He also began to compose a grammar of his native speech.

While he was not, like Justinian or Napoleon, a codifier of laws, the forming hand of Charles is nowhere more interestingly traced than in the domain of law. In his day every man carried his own legal atmosphere about with him and might always claim to be judged according to the laws of his own country. To such a condition—excepting rightful "capitulations" in lands like Morocco, Turkey, or China—the world will hardly come again. Charles made some attempt to harmonize the several national codes. As to the growing feudalism, he had little share in its development; rather did he check its irregularities by his institution of the *missi dominici*, or imperial commissioners, and of the *scabini*, or justices of the peace.

This great statesman of the very early Middle Ages tried to remodel Europe in the likeness of the old Roman Empire. His life and his work seem far distant, measured by the eleven centuries which have elapsed since then. Yet how familiar the conditions compared with those of to-day! France, imposing in theory, weak in practice; Spain, with many councils and ecclesiastical intolerance; Italy, with pope and king hostile. Nothing, indeed, in Dr. Hodgkin's admirable work is more suggestive than when he points out from time to time "in the faces of baby kingdoms" the features well known to us in their weather-beaten old age.

A little album which Alfred Tennyson presented to a fellow-undergraduate when at Cambridge was sold in London the other day for $160. This price was, perhaps, not excessive, for the little book contained the original manuscript of "St. Agnes's Eve," as well as two other poems in the poet's own handwriting.

Books of the Week

[Most of the books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending October 28. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

NOVELS AND TALES

John Splendid, by Neil Munro, deals with the Scottish Highlands in the time of the wars, or feuds, between the Marquis of Argyle and the Marquis of Montrose. The author has evidently made a careful study of the period, and writes with the fullest possible knowledge of Highland character, and generally of those stirring and semi-barbarous days of little wars. Moreover, Mr. Munro has literary quality in a marked degree, and his novel contains not a little subtle character portrayal and analysis. On the other hand, the book has little dramatic power, and is poorly constructed. A story which is essentially one of love and war should keep the interest constantly alive; but with Mr. Munro's way of writing we find ourselves frequently far more interested in the side issues and incidental dialogue than in the main incidents or in the course of the plot. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Mr. Will Payne's *The Money Captain* is a realistic story of some unpleasant phases of Chicago life. Its characters include a corrupt monopolist, a sycophantic lawyer, a ward politician, newspaper men of good and bad types, brokers, and other busy actors in the great drama of commercial and political affairs. The subject of the story reminds one of Mr. Fuller's "The Cliff Dwellers," but Mr. Payne must be credited with abstaining from over-accentuating his types, as Mr. Fuller did. On the other hand, "The Cliff Dwellers" has better constructive skill, and is, all in all, a more powerful book. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

Mr. Robert Barr follows the fashion in writing a romance of love and war in mediæval times. His *Telka* can be read with interest, though it has not the dash and wit of some of his earlier and less pretentious stories. (The F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)

We are glad to see in the preface of *The*

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Nameless Castle that Maurus Jókai has authorized the English translation of the story with this title, and that other of his books will be presented to the English-reading public in an edition having his oversight and support. It may almost be said that no two of Dr. Jókai's stories—and their name is legion—have the same character; the present book is a strongly written study of Hungarian life, with some dramatic and exciting episodes. The author's extraordinary versatility and continued productiveness call for renewed congratulation and appreciation. In Hungary a complete edition of his works, in, we believe, a hundred or more volumes, has been widely sold, many persons thinking it almost a patriotic duty to subscribe. (The Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

The Outlook naturally feels a special interest in the announcement of a new edition of Dr. Edward Everett Hale's *The Man Without a Country*. It will be remembered that not very long ago The Outlook had the pleasure of reprinting this famous tale with a special introduction written by Dr. Hale, showing the application of the story to the recent political situation and to the war just concluded. The story is now once more reprinted, this time in neat book form, with a full and extremely interesting preface, giving the history of all the circumstances under which the story was originally written. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

Tony Drum, by Edwin Pugh, is an unpleasant and repellent study of cockney child life. The boy whose history is here given is a cripple with a touch of genius, and various incidents of his life among the slums are told in what is intended to be an impressionist manner. The pictures, by Mr. Nicholson, are also impressionist to a degree. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

A new and pretty edition is published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., of New York, of Jeanne Schultz's *Colette*, which is one of the prettiest and wittiest French love-stories ever written, and one especially notable as being absolutely without offense.

Roden's Corner, by Henry Seton Merriman, is the story of the rise, career, and downfall of a syndicate formed under the guise of philanthropy, for the relief of makers of a certain deadly and valuable substance known as "malgamite." Its members are a lord, an army officer, a society man, a financier—all English, except Von Holzen, the chemist. The action of the story is, for the most part, at The Hague and on the dunes of Scheveningen. The love element has its essential place, but it is subordinated to the history of the monopoly. Thus Mr. Merriman has found a quite unusual subject for novel-writing. He handles it with vigor, and maintains in this new field the reputation gained by his former novels, "The Sowers" and "In the Tents of Kedar." (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic is a very captivating title, suggesting, as it does, some of the most romantic and fascinating of the old myths which gather over the islands west of Europe, beginning with the story of Atlantis. Through these islands, created largely by the imagination of forgotten poets and story-tellers, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson takes his readers in a substantially made volume which recalls the story of King Arthur, the beautiful legend of the Swan-Children of Lir, the tale of Taliessin, the famous Voyage of St. Brandan, and the Fountain of Youth and other tales. The stories are old, and many of them have been told in many forms; but in this volume they are collected and retold with the skill of an experienced man of letters, and find their co-ordinating principle in their geographical location. The volume is illustrated by Albert Herter. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

HISTORY AND ECONOMICS

Miss Agnes Repplier had delightful material to deal with in her substantial volume on *Philadelphia: The Place and the People*, for Philadelphia has always had a character of its own, and that character has been a very attractive one. If it has been less aggressive than New York, less intellectual than Boston, and less formal than Charleston, it has always had the distinction of social refinement, and a certain quietness of spirit which its enemies have called monotony, but which, for its friends, invests the city with a distinctive charm. Miss Repplier has written *con amore*. She knows her material thoroughly, and has very sympathetic feeling for her city, although she is not blind to its faults as revealed in its history, nor to its defects of taste as disclosed by its architecture. She brings to her task the right kind of touch—a touch which is perfectly sincere, but which is not too heavy; and her interest in character is so great that out of the dryness of mere historical record she extracts

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the living quality. The story of the older American cities is, in a very intimate sense, the story of the development of the country. Each city has its own characteristics, its own qualities, and any successful portraiture of those qualities and characteristics is an important contribution to American history. This volume will take its place among those foot-notes on history which are as interesting as the history itself. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

One of the most important new editions of the year is that into which Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. (Boston) have put *Francis Parkman's Works*. This edition is printed from new plates, from type of very clear face, and on paper of good quality. The volumes are very substantially made without being too heavy, and are decorated so as to give the edition a much more brilliant aspect than histories usually wear. There are to be twelve volumes, and these volumes are to contain twenty-four photogravures by Goupil, from original paintings by well-known artists. When the edition is finished, American readers will have, in a final and satisfactory form, the story of the most romantic struggle which has yet taken place on this continent.

The New Economy: A Peaceable Solution of the Social Problem, by Laurence Gronlund, M.A., author of "The Co-operative Commonwealth," etc., inculcates the idea that the only way of benefiting the poor without at the same time aggrandizing the rich is to limit the field of competition, by taking over various provinces of industry into national control. What the individual can do to promote collectivism is, in the author's opinion, to join with others like-minded in organizing "civic churches," not to oppose but to supplement the present churches. That these civic churches should not be upon a mere bread-and-butter basis of material interests Mr. Gronlund thinks desirable: there should be "just one article of faith, a belief in the 'Power behind evolution,' in the World Spirit." Mr. Gronlund's acquaintance with churches is evidently limited, as he considers them "exclusively seats of emotion." Some of his suggestions, however, seem eminently feasible, as the nationalization of the telegraph, which Henry Clay urged fifty years ago. (Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

From the prolific pen of Dr. William Elliot Griffis we have the *Romance of American Colonization: How the Foundation Stones of Our History were Laid*. In the simple style of a well-told story, equally adapted to younger and older readers, the author, following the main course of events from Sir Walter Raleigh's time to July 4, 1776, describes the growth and fusion into a united people of the scattered settlements from Maine to Georgia. Military details are for the most part reserved for a coming volume, and the social features of our colonial period are made prominent. While correcting some current misconceptions, and giving due recognition to some elements in the making of the Nation that require better appreciation than they have received—the Dutch and the Scotch-Irish, for instance—Dr. Griffis adheres to the traditional view of the Revolution as lawful resistance to unlawful taxation, which fails to discriminate between the occasion and the causes of the great struggle. In exhibiting the various factors whose product is our Republic, Dr. Griffis well says that our country is not a new England, but a new and better Europe. (W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston.)

The sketch of Prince Bismarck's work for Germany by Professor Munroe Smith, of Columbia, which appeared immediately after the Prince's death in the New York "Evening Post" and (in part, in "The Nation") has been issued in a volume of about a hundred pages, entitled *Bismarck and German Unity*. It conveniently presents in sharp outline and compact form the essential facts, together with so much of comment and interpretation as is requisite for a correct understanding of them. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

We simply note the appearance of the second volume of Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff's *The Workers*, dealing with the author's experiences in the West. We hope at an early date to comment at some length upon this book, which can hardly fail to attract at least as much interest and attention as did its predecessor. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Mr. Charles Morris, who lately prepared an excellent volume on the history of the United States Navy, now presents us with *The War with Spain*, which attempts to give a complete history of the recent war from beginning to end. While it is still early in the day to get the proper historic perspective, and while it is true that the real history remains to be written, still it must be admitted that Mr. Morris has arranged and combined his material with considerable skill, and, so far as our examination has

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shown, with commendable accuracy. The book cannot fail to be useful for reference, and it is the first, we think, to give a connected and well-proportioned narrative of the war. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

ESSAYS, ETC.

Mr. J. A. Symonds's three volumes of travel, "Sketches in Italy and Greece," "Sketches and Study in Italy," and "Italian By-Ways," are to be reissued with some rearrangement of the order of the essays for the purpose of securing typographical clearness. The first volume has been renamed *Sketches and Studies in Italy and Greece*, First Series. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie's new volume of essays, *Work and Culture*, contains twenty-five chapters, some of which have appeared in The Outlook. The aim of the book is to interpret work in its relation to spiritual development as the expression of the personality of the worker, and to indicate the various qualities which give work dignity, elevation, power, and beauty. In the pursuance of this endeavor the various stages through which the worker passes from apprenticeship to mastery are indicated, and the treatment aims to be literary rather than pedagogical. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Ferdinand Brunetière's *Manual of the History of French Literature* easily takes its place among the best books of its kind. In the vast mass of histories of literature it stands out by reason of its insight, its grasp, its orderliness, and its critical intelligence. Coming from the hand of the foremost living French critic, it was certain to have intelligence and orderliness. It has other qualities as well; it has fine sense of proportion, sanity of judgment, and the grasp of a mind of a very high order. It is in no sense a conventional or mechanical piece of work; its method is distinctly original. M. Brunetière is a thorough believer in the doctrine of evolution, as applied to literature and art; and those who take up this book with any knowledge of its author will expect to find the method of development applied to his treatment of the literature of his country. They will find it applied, not slavishly or mechanically, but with freedom and discrimination. The influences of race and of environment are consistently pointed out, and to them is added another influence which has rarely had its proper place in a literary history, and that is the influence of great works of literature on succeeding works of literature. M. Brunetière not only attaches great importance to this element of what might be called the literary heredity, but again and again calls attention to the illustrations of its operation. Perhaps the chief characteristic of this history is that it seems to secure so sound a balance between slowly operating causes—contemporary influences, race conditions, and individual genius. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

Southey was of opinion that he had put into *The Doctor* a greater variety of ingredients than ever before had entered into any book which had a thread of continuity—ingredients which included solid thought and airy speculation, serious truths and frivolous truths (if any truths may be said to be frivolous), satire, quotations, recollections of readings, with a thin vein of narrative. These qualities, and the old-fashioned pace of the style, have made "The Doctor" a favorite with a small group of readers. The work originally appeared at intervals between the years 1834–1847, and, when collected in a single volume, filled nearly seven hundred double-column pages. The men in this generation who have read "The Doctor" entire could probably be counted on one's fingers. It was a wise enterprise, therefore, to make selections from "The Doctor" which should conserve the story, include the descriptions of character, and should present, so far as possible, complete chapters from the original work. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Mr. Andrew Lang, who is a tireless editor, has made a volume of *Selections from Coleridge*, to which he has prefaced a characteristic introduction, and which Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. (New York) have issued in a very effective volume, bound in light buff, with appropriate designs, well printed, and illustrated with a touch of imagination.

NATURE AND SCIENCE

Flashlights on Nature, by Grant Allen, illustrated by Frederick Enock, is a series of studies in natural history, chiefly of plants and insects, sufficiently vivacious in style and lucid in description to please youthful readers, and profitable for readers of any age, as the work of an enthusiastic naturalist. The illustrations are copious and admirably done. (The Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

A charming companion for a leisure hour by the hearth fire in winter or in a hammock in

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summer is Mr. Charles M. Skinner's *Do-Nothing Days*, with illustrations by Violet Oakley and Edward Stratton Holloway. A few of its chapters have already seen light, and given it, too, in The Outlook. Mr. Skinner is a thoughtful note-taker and a kindly critic, to whose wit and wisdom those of us who have been absorbed by hurry owe a debt for his picking up for us many things, both helpful and humorous, that we have missed noticing. *Myths and Legends Beyond Our Borders*, by the same author, is a volume of local traditions pertaining to Canada and Mexico, a companion book to his "Myths and Legends of Our Own Land," and a collection of a hundred and more short tales of the sort that guides like to tell and travelers to hear. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson, naturalist to the Government of Manitoba, has given us a charming book, *Wild Animals I Have Known*. Lobo, the King of Currumpaw, the royal wolf for whose head a reward of $1,000 was offered; Silverspot, the wise old crow; Raggylug, the cotton-tail rabbit; Bingo, the dog, and all the rest, were real characters, with the strongly marked personality, or rather individuality, which the author has depicted in each. The full-page illustrations and the decorated margins make the work as attractive on the side of art as on the side of nature. It will be a strong competitor with Kipling's "Jungle Stories" for the suffrages of the young folks. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

A fresh volume from the pen of Dr. Charles C. Abbott, *Clear Skies and Cloudy*, entertainingly records what he has learned of nature in his various outings, together with the thoughts on men and things suggested to him therein. Such books are wholesome correctives of the dull and deadening artificiality of town life. The numerous illustrations included were all taken for or by the author. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

A fascinating and elegantly illustrated work is Neltje Blanchan's *Birds that Hunt and are Hunted: Life Histories of One Hundred and Seventy Birds of Prey, Game Birds, and Waterfowls*, with introduction by G. O. Shields (Coquina), and forty-eight colored plates. The author writes with the conviction that a personal, friendly acquaintance with bird life is requisite to form that enlightened public sentiment from which just laws for its preservation from reckless destruction must spring. The League of American Sportsmen, whose President writes the Introduction to the book, is doing effective work in this direction. The author remarks that "delicious as a broiled plover is, there is no true sportsman who will hesitate to admit that the graceful, slender, beautifully marked, sweet-voiced bird is not vastly more enjoyable in life." To this Mr. Shields subscribes, declaring that "the time has come when the camera may and should, to a great extent, take the place of the gun." When this is a sportsman's judgment, the present crusade against bird-slaughter demands the co-operation of all enlightened people. (The Doubleday and McClure Company, New York.)

RELIGION

Two additional volumes of the Rev. M. F. Sadler's commentary have come to us—viz., *Romans* and *Corinthians*. The probability, as viewed by modern critics, that Romans xvi. was originally written to Ephesus, and is no part of the epistle it is now attached to, seems to have escaped Mr. Sadler's notice. The high sacramentarian theory maintained in the notes and excursus on 1 Corinthians xi., 23–30, reminds one of the Archbishop of Canterbury's recent declaration, that while the doctrine of the real presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Eucharist is recognized by the Church, the Church leaves it an open question whether this presence is attached to the elements *at the time of their consecration*. On this point the Protestant and Catholic parties in the Church divide, as at the present time. (George Bell & Sons, London.)

The World's Unrest and its Remedy, by James Field Spalding, offers to non-Catholics rest for their souls by turning from the divisions and doubts which afflict Protestantism to the haven of peace in the bosom of the Church of Rome. It possesses a personal interest as the testimony of one who has thus found soul-rest for himself. In his capacity as a guide the author takes up *seriatim* the points of Catholic doctrine which Protestants object to, and reasons with his readers in a way which is interesting, as showing how easily his own reason was satisfied. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

"Hear the other side," in all cases of controversy the only sane course, is a maxim to be insisted on against a premature adoption

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of the critical theory that the Psalms are all later than David's time. In *The Poetry and the Religion of the Psalms* (the Croall Lectures (1893–94), Dr. James Robertson, of Glasgow University, author of "The Early Religions of Israel," has very effectively presented "the other side." In an argument on broad and general lines Dr. Robertson reaches the conclusion that, however late the date of many psalms, psalmody must have originated in an individual religious experience of great antiquity, and obtained its definite type at the hands of David. Instead, therefore, of regarding the Psalter as originating out of the conflict of the post-exilian Jewish Church with foemen and the faithless ones in Israel, he regards it as the expression of a conflict not so limited, but dating much further back, of good men with the evil and with evils. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

The Rev. F. B. Meyer has written many good books, but none better than *Blessed are Ye: Talks on the Beatitudes*. He has well accomplished his purpose "to show some of the pathways that conduct into the heart of these mountains of God." (T. Whittaker, New York.)

Though it is a modern, it is a wholesome, rivalry in which Catholics and Protestants engage in Bible study. Two books just now before us suggest it. *New Testament Studies: the Principal Events in the Life of Our Lord*, is prepared for Catholic parents and readers by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., Rector of the Catholic University, Washington. (Benziger Brothers, New York.) The other is Dr. and Mrs. Peloubet's *Select Notes on the International Sunday-School Lessons for 1899*. The former is catechetical, with memory texts, moral thoughts, questions and answers. The latter is a full apparatus of commentary, illustration, suggestion, library references, etc.—the twenty-fifth annual volume by these authors. (W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston.)

Perennials is the title of a little volume which contains selections from the writings of Phillips Brooks, arranged for each day in the year. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

Tennyson: His Homes, His Friends, and His Work, by Elizabeth L. Cary, is a book so beautifully made and so delightfully illustrated that it is quite certain to find its place among the most attractive and important illustrated books of the season. It will receive early and more extended comment in these columns. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Mr. Marion Crawford's *Ava Roma Immortalis* is well described by its sub-title, *Studies from the Chronicles of Rome*, and, although likely to be, in many respects, the most important illustrated work of the present season, must not be classed with the books which contain pictures simply, however beautifully made. It is a study of Rome by one who has known it from childhood, and who has learned, by long practice, the art of graphic and vivid portraiture. This work must be classed with the literature of the season as well as with its fine book-making, and at an early date will receive fuller attention. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Mr. William Drysdale has in the last few years published several stories in a series to which he gives the general title "The Brain and Brawn Series." The latest of these books, *The Young Supercargo*, tells a great deal about the inner economy of steamships. Its hero works his way up from being a cabin-boy to the proud position of purser of a great ocean steamship. He has, of course, a great many personal adventures. (W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston.)

A book about war by a Brigadier-General in the last war must surely be welcome to boys. Captain Charles King, U.S.A. (now Brigadier-General of Volunteers), has written much and well for older story-readers. In *From School to Battle-field* he tells for boys a tale of the Civil War, and with abundant incident and adventure. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

An Antarctic Mystery, by Jules Verne, translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey (illustrated), is a tale of various adventures culminating in arrival at a magnetic mountain, "the Antarctic Sphinx," whose occult energy drew to itself every bit of iron in a ship. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

Mr. Clinton Ross's *Heroes of Our War with Spain* tells for young people the story of the great achievements of Dewey, Hobson, and the other heroes of the Spanish war, with some chapters giving an account of the important battles and of interesting and picturesque features of the struggle. (The F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)

Yule Logs is the title of an English Christmas Annual edited by the well-known writer

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of boys' stories, Mr. G. A. Henty. It contains tales by a dozen or more writers of the fiction of adventure, and it is, taken as a whole, somewhat of a sensational type. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

Two Young Patriots is the title of a story of the Revolution by Mr. Everett T. Tomlinson, whose excellent work in this kind of fiction we have already praised more than once. The present tale is placed in the time of Burgoyne's invasion, and is well sustained throughout in its story interest. (W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston.)

A collection of historical stories taken from the English romantic literature, with an introduction by George Laurence Gomme, has just been issued by Longmans, Green & Co. (New York), under the title of *The Queen's Story Book*. The editor in his preface states that his purpose is to bring together the stories of the great masters of English prose who have written on historical events and incidents, as well as selections from the minor English prose writers on less prominent events and periods. The particular value of such a work is as a reference-book for boys and girls studying history, and through this school work gaining a glimpse of the pleasure and delight which come with an intimate knowledge of English literature.

Katrina is the girl heroine of a story by Ellen Douglas Deland. (W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston.) The book has few characters, and these are the kind of people with whom a girl may associate in a book. There is nothing thrilling or exciting or new in the story.

There is a decided change in the stories written for girls of fourteen and sixteen. For three years the juvenile love-story—one is inclined to call it the infantile love-story—has appeared in two or three of the holiday books. In the more serious books the parents are consulted first, in one the lover proposes while sitting on one side of the girl's mother, and they clasp hands across the mother's lap. *The Sherburne Girls*, by Amanda M. Douglas (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), is the story of a group of juniors in a preparatory school. The story is semi-didactic and is highly moral; the love-making of the purely intellectual character.

An Independent Daughter, by Amy Blanchard (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia), belongs in the same class. The story opens at the close of the heroine's college year. The tragedy is the discovery of adoption papers, and consequent disappearance of the heroine, who is duly recovered and returned to the waiting group of family and girl and boy friends, who have become engaged—an example soon followed by the heroine. The illustrations are by Alice Barber Stephens. The same author has written *A Girl of '76*. (W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston.) This story has a historical purpose. It centers about Boston and depicts the early days of the Revolution. The little girl heroine will win the sympathies of all the readers of her brave obedience, her moral courage, and her loyalty.

Clara D. Pierson, the author of "Among the Meadow People," has written *Among the Forest People*, with illustrations by F. C. Gordon. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York) The forest people in furs and feathers live in most neighborly relations, and hold conversations which reveal how very like they are to human beings.

'Twixt You and Me is a sentimental story, not very strongly worked out, by Grace Le Baron. Three girl friends are the leading characters. The decorations by Katharine Pyle are charming in their suggestiveness. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

From the press of Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co. (New York) comes another evidence of Mr. Lang's industry in the form of *The Nursery Rhyme Book*, in which the table of contents is arranged under titles suggestive of the student of folk-lore and mythology; for instance, "Historical," "Riddles and Paradoxes," "Charms and Lullabies." The rhymes themselves, however, are of the good old-fashioned sort, without any suggestion of the mythologist or the student of folk-lore. They are the old favorites, which are likely to be, for English-reading children, the favorites of all time. The illustrations, by L. Leslie Brooke, have both animation and humor.

To the fairy books which are named after the colors, which have been coming from the press season after season, Mr. Lang has now added a selection from *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*—those fairy tales of the East, which have been told for so many centuries in Arabia and Persia to children of a larger growth. From this mine of entertainment Mr. Lang has selected the most representative and favorite stories; and the publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. (New York), have dressed the book in the

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very effective fashion which has made its predecessors so beguiling.

MISCELLANEOUS

The ninth edition of *Food and Feeding*, by Sir Henry Thompson, has just been issued by F. Warne & Co. (New York). The demand for the book is the proof of its practical value in the home. It meets a need in this department because it gives scientific information in popular form. Much is written and published on the subject of foods, the root of which is found in "Foods and Feeding."

The Story of the English has been added to the Eclectic School Readers. The author, H. A. Guerber, has succeeded in making a series of well-colored outlines of English history. Necessarily the chapters are but outlines, but wherever it was possible the story has been made dramatic, and is interesting always. (American Book Company, New York.)——In the same series appears *Outdoor Studies*, by James G. Needham. It is a question whether the multiplying of reading-books on nature is of real value in the education of little children. Certainly as reading-books they are better than the books that are designed for teaching reading merely. Their value otherwise is doubtful.

What Shall Our Boys Do for a Living? by Charles F. Wingate, is a book which parents and teachers, as well as their boys, should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. It is written out of a varied experience, and wide observation for many years while gathering the materials, so ample that the author's skill is apparent in their condensation. His chief concern is for the average boy, to show him that "there are plenty of opportunities for ordinary folks to win the comforts of life, and perhaps more." (The Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

Books Received

For the week ending November 4

WILLIAM L. ALLISON CO., NEW YORK

Dodge, Mary Mapes. Irvington Stories.

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA

Lorimer, George C. Christianity and the Social Order.

RICHARD G. BADGER & CO., BOSTON

Magruder, Julia. Struan. $1.50.

THE BLANCHARD PRESS, NEW YORK

Falls, D. W. C. An A B C of Golf.

THE CHRISTIAN PUBLISHING CO., ST. LOUIS

Dowling, W. W. The Christian Lesson Commentary, 1899.

COPELAND & DAY, BOSTON

Rosenfeld, Morris. Songs from the Ghetto. $1.25.
Earle, Mary Tracy. The Man Who Worked for Collister. $1.25.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK

Otis, James. Joel Harford. $1.25.
Van Dyke, Henry, D.D. Ships and Havens. 60 cts.
Clark, Francis E., D.D. The Everlasting Arms. 35 cts.
Duruy, Victor. A General History of the World. Translated from the French by Edwin A. Grosvenor. $2.
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. The Song of Hiawatha. Introduction by Nathan Haskell Dole. $1.
Malet, Lucas. Little Peter. 50 cts.
Miller, J. R., Rev. The Marriage Altar. 35 cts.
Miller, J. R., Rev. The Secret of Gladness. 35 cts.
Murray, Andrew, Rev. The Fruit of the Vine. 35 cts.
Davis, Minnie S. Ideal Motherhood. 35 cts.

EDWIN W. DAYTON, NEW YORK

Meyer, Annie Nathan. My Park Book.

DE WOLFFE, FISKE & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Lathbury, Mary A. Child's Story of the Bible, with Introduction by Bishop John H. Vincent. $2.
Plympton, A. G. Gerald and Geraldine. $1.25.
Wesselhoeft, Lily F. Old Sultan's Thanksgiving. $1.25.
May, Sophie. Santa Claus on Snow-Shoes. $1.25.
Shirley, Penn. Boys in Clover. $1.25.

WILLIAM DOXEY, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

De Heredia, José-Maria, Sonnets of, Done into English by Edward Robeson Taylor. $1.25.

EATON & MAINS, NEW YORK

Gracey, Mrs. J. T. Eminent Missionary Women. 85 cts.

THE EDITOR PUBLISHING CO., FRANKLIN, O.

Coe, Charles H. Red Patriots: The Story of the Seminoles.

R. F. FENNO & CO., NEW YORK

Paterson, Arthur. Father and Son. $1.25.
Dickens, Jr., Charles, and Wilkie Collins. John Jasper's Secret. $1.25.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

Stryker, William S. The Battles of Trenton and Princeton. $4.
Hurll, Estelle M. The Life of Our Lord in Art. $3.
Harris, Miriam Coles. A Corner of Spain. $1.25.
Howe, Julia Ward. From Sunset Ridge—Poems Old and New. $1.50.

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Lassalle, Ferdinand. An Address Translated (with an Introduction) by Edward Peters.

JOHNS HOPKINS PRESS, BALTIMORE

Brough, Charles Hillman. Irrigation in Utah.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA

Alexander, Mrs. The Cost of Her Pride. $1.25.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Newboldt, W. C. E. Priestly Ideals. $1.25.
DeForest, J. W. A Lover's Revolt. $1.50.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Hamblen, Herbert Elliott. Tom Benton's Luck. $1.50.
Ingoldsby, Thomas. The Ingoldsby Legends. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. $2.25.
Ford, Henry Jones. The Rise and Growth of American Politics. $1.50.
Cone, Orello, D.D. Paul: The Man, the Missionary, and the Teacher. $2.
Le Bon, Gustave. The Psychology of Peoples. $1.50.
Schiller's Jungfrau von Orleans. Introduction and Notes by Willard Humphreys. 60 cts.
Goethe's Iphigenie auf Tauris. Introduction and Notes by Charles A. Eggert. 60 cts.
Worcester, Dean C. The Philippine Islands. $4.

COTTON MAYNARD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Maynard, Mrs. L. W. Birds of Washington and Vicinity. $1.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, NEW YORK

Everett-Green, E. French and English. $1.50.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Page, Thomas Nelson. Red Rock. Illustrated. $1.50.
Meredith, George. Odes: In Contribution to the Song of French History. $1.50.
Meredith, George. The Shaving of Shagpat. $1.50.
Meredith, George. The Tragic Comedians. $1.50.
Van Dyke, Henry, D.D. The Lost Word. $1.50.
Warman, Cy. Frontier Stories. $1.25.
Herford, Oliver. The Bashful Earthquake. $1.25.

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK

Besant, Sir Walter. The Changeling. $1.25.
Nelan, Charles. Cartoons of Our War with Spain. $2.
Reading, Adda Sproul. Chap Record.
Sage, Agnes Carr. A Little Colonial Dame. $1.50.
Zogbaum, R. F., and James Barnes. Ships and Sailors. $5.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS, NEW YORK

Beach, Harlan P. Dawn on the Hills of T'ang.

JOHN D. WATTLES & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Sanders, Frank Knight, and Charles Foster Kent. The Messages of the Earlier Prophets. $1.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK

Hitchcock, Albert Wellman. Questions and Answers about the Bible. 50 cts.
Davenport, J. S. Life in Christ. 15 cts.

P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Keenan, Henry F. The Conflict with Spain.

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The Religious World

The Arthur Brooks Memorial Service

On the morning of All Saints' Day there was unveiled in the Church of the Incarnation in New York a fine relief in bronze set in Sienna marble, a bust of the Rev. Arthur Brooks, for twenty years rector of the parish. A sermon of great power and beauty was preached by the Rev. John Cotton Brooks, the last of the four preachers of the famous family. Looking toward the new memorial, and past the life-size bronze of his still more famous brother, Phillips Brooks, the speaker told with rare insight of the happy accidents of birth and inheritance, the Puritan ancestry, God-fearing and man-loving, the guided life amid the sacraments and the dignified and ordered services of the Church of his birth and of his love, which had made the setting in which the healthy nature of the boy had responded to the light of God. "Many a man," once said Phillips Brooks, "can say, I did the things my father told me, but the man I am my mother made me." In his touching tribute to the mother of the six boys whose lives were so supremely influenced by her power, the preacher quoted inspiring hymns and verses and prayers which she used to repeat with shining face to her boys and which became an inspiration in their lives. A witness to the Light—that was how the speaker conceived of the life of his brother, a life wide open, its background God, its foreground men fulfilling its mission, not by telling of the Light but in shining by it, not a reflection but a fire, a burning as well as a shining light, an influence luminous with its message from God. Passing the details of a ministry at Williamsport, at Chicago, where he went, after the fire, to rebuild and re-establish St. James's Church, and at the Church of the Incarnation, the speaker dwelt largely on the work of his brother as a citizen of New York, especially in relation to the founding of Barnard College. Seeing the unfulfilled possibilities of girlhood in New York which "offered to a woman everything but an education," he spent five years in establishing the great college for women which now bears as its seal his coat-of-arms. He established the college on a democratic basis, with business-like financial methods, but his real work was the development of the spiritual life among the girls themselves. A year at Andover put him into exceptionally cordial relations with the Congregational clergy; he was honored with degrees from Princeton and the University of New York; he was a member of many clubs; a laborer for city missions. "I write of one when with dim eyes I think of three," said the speaker in conclusion. "Into the furnace were there not three men cast? Out of the flames of affliction I see emerge these three forms; and the form of the fourth, with whom they walk in light—surely it is nothing less than the form of the Son of God."

The Alliance of Reformed Churches

Representatives of the Western Section of the Alliance of Reformed Churches met in St. Louis October 27. This section of the Alliance includes all the Presbyterian Churches of the United States and Canada. It is a part of the great Pan-Presbyterian Council of the World, which has now been in existence about twenty-seven years, and whose eighth general meeting will be held in Washington, D. C., in September next. The President of the Western or American Section is the Rev. Principal Caven, of Toronto, Canada. Two new members were added to the Committee—viz., the Rev. J. Addison Henry, D.D., of Philadelphia, in the place of the Rev. John Hall, D.D., and the Rev. George F. Pentecost, D.D., of Yonkers, N. Y. The general topic for discussion was Home Missions. The following facts were elicited by the discussion: There are eleven different varieties of Presbyterians connected with this branch of the Alliance. They supported last year 2,800 Home Missionaries; about 550 missionary teachers; while about 400 churches were aided in securing buildings. About 1,300 new Sunday-schools have been organized, and a total of about $1,700,000 contributed for various purposes. This is a noble record, and shows that the Presbyterian churches of the United States and Canada realize something of their responsibility. But, to our minds, if the reports in the St. Louis papers may be trusted, there was also a sad side to this meeting, and that was manifested when the Rev. Dr. McNaughten, of Pittsburg, Pa., suggested the advisability of having a Standing Committee on Reform. The proposition was

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instantly and vigorously opposed by shallow talk about the great business of the Church being to preach Christ. Usually that means that Christ's name should be used as a way for escaping the austere ethical teaching of Jesus. It looks very much as if that were true in this case, especially as Dr. McNaughten explicitly declared that his suggestion had no political bearing, but related solely to the duty of the Church to lead in all plans for human welfare. The suggestion was finally changed so as to provide for a committee on "great questions of morality." Even this was too much for the orthodox brethren to accept at once, and the subject was laid over for further consideration next spring. There is much in Presbyterianism, past and present, which we greatly admire; therefore we are the more sorrowful that the representatives of these many churches, most of whom probably were ready to condemn Professors Briggs and Smith almost offhand, could not consent to a Committee on Reform, and decided that six months' deliberation was necessary before they dared appoint a Committee on Great Questions of Morality.

Dr. Hall's Pulpit

We find the following note in the "British Weekly," which is supposed to know the mind of Presbyterians better than any other English paper. It says: "In the English Presbyterian Church the general opinion appears to be that Mr. Connell will not accept the call addressed to him by the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York." We are not in the confidence of Mr. Connell, but we had supposed that it was well understood that if such a call were issued it would be accepted. Our English contemporary is not quite accurate in its statement of facts. No call has been extended to Mr. Connell. The session of the church recommended that he be called, but there was so much difference of opinion in the congregation as to what was best that the meeting which was to consider the question of calling a pastor was postponed. Neither Mr. Connell nor any one else as yet has been asked to succeed Dr. Hall.

Twenty Millions for Religion

There seems to be no limit to the faith of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and their enthusiasm is equal to their faith. Their latest project is the proposition to raise twenty million dollars as a thank-offering for the completion of twenty years of Christian history. If the plan succeeds, it is proposed to use the money for the completion and endowment of charitable and educational institutions under the care of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We believe that this is the largest sum ever asked for in the interests of any denominational work. The only fear that we have when such a stupendous plan is suggested is that it will interfere with giving to the causes which the Church is already supporting, and whose receipts can bear no limitation. But the Bishops are practical and far-seeing men. They are not given to extravagance, and have, no doubt, well weighed all the possible objections.

Disciples of Christ in National Convention

The General Missionary Convention of the Disciples of Christ for the present year was held at Chattanooga, Tenn., October 13–20. Properly speaking, there were three great Conventions in one: (1) The Christian Woman's Board of Missions; (2) the American Christian Missionary Society, including Church Extension, Negro Education and Evangelization, Ministerial Relief, the Board of Education, Christian Endeavor, Bible Schools, and the Bureau of Statistics, besides general evangelism; and (3) the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. The Disciples, being purely congregational in church polity, have no general or central legislative body. This Convention represents their missionary work in a large measure, but has no jurisdiction whatever over the churches as to faith or discipline; it is only advisory in character, and deals altogether with methods, plans, and results of missionary endeavor. The twenty-fourth annual session of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions presented inspiring reports through its Corresponding Secretary, Miss Lois A. White, of Indianapolis. This organization is doing work in Jamaica, Mexico, India, and the United States, and in these fields supports about seventy-five missionaries. A large number of missionaries were present, and gave personal reports of their labors. Perhaps the one branch of the women's work which received greatest emphasis was their English Bible Choir enterprises. That sustained in connection with the Ann Arbor University is in a large degree established. That at the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, has just received $10,000 toward the creation

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of an endowment fund; and this, together with other available money, apparently assures the permanency of this work. A like effort will be made to secure an endowment fund for the Bible Chair work now being carried on at the University of Georgia. On Sunday the pulpits of the city were occupied by Disciple ministers, and many of the churches were crowded. The great auditorium was occupied by about two thousand Disciples, who sat down together at the Lord's Supper. It was reported in the press as the most impressive and beautiful service ever held in Chattanooga. Among the most interesting of the special meetings of the week were those of the American Christian Missionary Society (which reported about $200,000 expended in the year for Home Missions and no debt), of the Educational Board, of the Foreign Missionary Society, of the Church Extension Society, and of the Board of Ministerial Relief, all showing activity and growth.

"Priestism and Priesthood"

All ecclesiastical addresses in England at this time are colored by the prevailing controversy over the growth of sacerdotalism and ritualism in the Established Church. The Nonconformist bodies give the subject a large place on their programmes. The latest illustration of this fact is the address of the Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, the Rev. Alfred Rowland. The address of the Chairman is always anticipated with great interest, for it is known that it will have direct relation to some subject of current interest, and is always the utterance of some one worth hearing. Mr. Rowland is eminently a calm and judicial man. There is no touch of fanaticism in his constitution. Strong words from him mean more than they would from some others. He speaks with no uncertain sound concerning the interest which all Nonconformists have in the subject. If the Church were not established, it would be purely a denominational matter; but because it is established, it concerns the Nation. The aims and methods of the Romanizing party he clearly and relentlessly unmasked. He declared that this movement toward Rome threatened faith and liberty, because Rome had not altered since she lighted the fires of Smithfield. After speaking strongly on this subject, with characteristic fairness the speaker sought for the truth beneath the movement. He would meet the doctrine of the Real Presence with a new emphasis on the doctrine of the Living Christ. The cult of the Virgin suggests that more should be made of sanctified womanhood on the earth. Auricular Confession should be met by a more brotherly intercourse between pastor and people. Nonconformists all need more reverence in their worship. Here was one of his hits: "I have yet to learn that the abjuring of the title Reverend, and the preference of a commercial traveler's dress to the black coat and white tie in the pulpit, make a message more palatable to our hearers." The central thought of the address was that the ritualistic idea of priestism should be met only by a true emphasis on the Scriptural teaching concerning the priesthood of all believers.

One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary in Birmingham

Few churches in the world are better known than the Carr's Lane Congregational Church in Birmingham, England. One of its pastors was John Angell James, commonly called the "Angel James," who was probably the most prominent preacher of his time in England. He occupied the pulpit for fifty-eight years. He was succeeded by Robert W. Dale, D.D., who, as a pastor, a preacher, a theologian, and a leader both in the Church and State, has had few equals in our time. Dr. Dale's ministry extended over forty-two years. He was succeeded by the Rev. J. H. Jowett. The position was a difficult one, but Mr. Jowett has proved himself a worthy successor of those who went before him. The church and all of its enterprises are as prosperous now as ever. The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the church will be celebrated beginning on Sunday, November 13. Many of the most prominent leaders of the various denominations will take part in the services. In looking about for a way to properly mark the event, it has been decided to raise funds for what is hoped will be in the future a new Congregational church in the suburbs of the city. There are a few churches which have a world-wide reputation; Carr's Lane Chapel is one of them. It occupies its position, not because it has sought it, but because it has done its work so well in the field where it was providentially placed. It has solved the problem of the "down-town church." Located in the very heart of the business district, it is thronged now, as it always has been, and by much the same class of people.

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Correspondence

Not Impracticable

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I agree with you in thinking that the Czar's proposition for a disarmament and peace conference is far from visionary and impractical. It is the evil one who prompts the contrary view. It is not for you and me to give practical form to the results of the conference, but to give our prayerful good will.

And yet it may not be out of place to suggest one or two ways in which such work might take practical form. I have not seen many such suggestions. One way would be the reduction of the term of compulsory military service to not over a year. Again, the term might be put early in life, so as to become practically part of the education of youth. Again, there might be provision for extending and making uniform the classes exempt from service—only sons, sons of widows, etc. Such reductions would be a great lift both to the individual and to the taxpayer. Again, mutual agreements might be formed regulating the frequency, extent, and duration of the very expensive mobilizations.

Though not much was done at first, even a little taken from a load will help, just as the last straw may be crushing.

Still more valuable would be the habit and precedent of united action for benevolent ends. A. C. L.

Brookline, Mass.

"Expansion" under Dangerous Conditions

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The very able article (p. 464) on "Expansion Not Imperialism" still fails to meet the difficulties in the minds of the "anti-imperialists." They do not use the term "imperialism" in a literal and exact, but in rather a loose sense, as equivalent to *expansion under perilous conditions*. No one has supposed that the *forms* of democracy were in any danger. But you may preserve the form and letter when the spirit has all evaporated. The British Empire, though in name and form such, is, some think, in reality more democratic than our own land; and you need not be reminded that, of all despotisms the world has seen, none have been more cruel or revolting than democratic ones; and we can understand the feeling of President Woolsey when, as alleged, on some occasion of popular wickedness in this country, his righteous soul was moved and he passionately exclaimed, "Oh, for a good, strong, intelligent *despot!*" What would he not have said had he lived to see the monstrous wickedness consummated of the forcible annexing of Hawaii under the forms of democracy, but when nine-tenths of its people were allowed not a whisper in the decision!

What the "anti-imperialists" object to is the inauguration of the colonial system just when the rest of the civilized world is anxious to be rid of it as a source of mischief and weakness. And no expansionist has yet told us how it can be wise, even if just, to undertake, under vastly more difficult conditions of distance, climate, language, and the rest, the government of fresh hordes of savages, when the Indians at our own doors are a standing illustration—as in this latest Dakota outbreak caused by wicked treatment of a chieftain—of either our inability or our culpable unwillingness to govern them at home. And no expansionist has yet told us how the low political methods and ideals to which our democracy at home has fallen are to be made any easier to reform by offering fresh fields where, in remoteness and comparatively free from observation, the corruptionists may fatten. H. D. C.

Gouverneur, N. Y.

Of No Significance?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

That the Boston daily papers should treat the recent granting of a license to Dr. W. J. Long as equivalent to ordination, and should call a ministerial association a council, might perhaps be pardoned to their unecclesiastical character. But what shall be said of the "Congregationalist" "explaining" the granting of this license to those "not familiar with Congregational usage" by quoting from a letter that says, "There was positively nothing of any theological significance in it whatever"!

Those who ought to know say that a Congregational "license" is a recommendation by a ministerial association to the Congregational churches of the man licensed as a candidate suitable, both morally and theologically, for the work of the ministry,

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"This certificate of approval becomes their [students'] sufficient commendation to the churches" (Dexter). Some of us remember, also, that our examination for license was, in some respects, far more severe, from a theological point of view, than our examination for ordination. Why so, if there is no theological significance in licensure? And if a man is theologically unfit for ordination, how can he be theologically fit for recommendation to the churches? Certainly, if there was "positively nothing of any theological significance whatever" in the licensing of Dr. Long by the Andover Association, the Association fell short of its duty. But what right has any one to make this charge against the Association, instead of fairly accepting its verdict for its face value?

G. H. B.

Some Distinctions

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In case any of your readers are in doubt as to what the words "Catholic," "Protestant," "Romish," and "Romanizing Anglicans" imply, I present four lists which give the main points to be considered in reading the letters which were published in The Outlook not long ago.

Catholic.—(Doctrine and practice common to Roman Catholic, Anglican, and Eastern Churches.)

1. Historic Episcopate in an apostolic succession constituted by the priestly communication of holy orders.
2. Sacraments as media of a divine grace not conveyed to the recipient except by the performance of the sacramental act.
3. Authority of General Councils.
4. Power of Church to interpret Holy Scripture.
5. Use of prescribed liturgy in divine worship.

Protestant.—(Speaking of Protestantism as a whole.)

1. Ministry constituted by act of the church-congregation.
2. Sacraments as media of a divine grace promoted by the sacramental act but not absolutely conditioned upon it.
3. Scripture alone for church government, discipline, etc.
4. Private interpretation of the Bible.
5. No prescribed liturgy.

Roman Doctrines and Practice.—1. Infallibility of the Pope.
2. Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin.
3. Denial of cup to the laity.
4. Latin services.
5. Indulgences, purgatory, etc.

Romanizing Anglicans.—1. Submission to the Bishop of Rome (as Patriarch of the West, at least).
2. Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
3. Introduction of Romish feasts of Sacred Heart, Seven Dolors B. V. M., Corpus Christi, Assumption, etc., as obligatory.
4. Introduction of Romish services, Benediction of Blessed Sacrament, Rosary, and Litany services.
5. Celebration of the Holy Eucharist in Roman form, Roman vestments, books, etc.

Y. L.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

Replying to "H. R. F.," you say that certain statements in Genesis i. and ii. are irreconcilable. 1. What evidence can you exhibit to show that they are not statements of facts, which will not apply with equal force to the divergent accounts of the resurrection, actions, and ascension of Jesus given in Matthew xxviii., Mark xvi., Luke xxiv., and John xx. and xxi.? 2. If the account of the creation and fall of man is allegorical or legendary, why may not the Atonement be the same? 3. If we use reason and evidence only in the interpretation of Scripture, what value has Scripture above profane writings of equal literary and moral worth? 4. What morals are the special property of Christianity? 5. What distinguishes the claim of Jesus to a divine nature from that of Buddha, Mahomet, and Zoroaster? 6. Can moral merit or demerit possibly attach to the act of belief or disbelief?

L. W.

1. Genesis i. represents man and woman as created *contemporaneously*, Genesis ii. as created *successively*. We are not aware of any such irreconcilably divergent statement as to facts narrated of Jesus. 2. Because, while the story of creation is a mere narrative of events whose character as literal or allegorical is not declared, the doctrine of Atonement professes to be a literal explanation of historical events on which it is based. 3. No writings whatever are of any value apart from the reason which apprehends them, and the great masters of literature find evidence that the Scriptures are of superior

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literary and moral worth to all their competitors. 4. The special property of Christianity is not learning, but life; not new moral truth, but new power to obey the old. 5. The diviner life communicated through fellowship with him, and manifest in a contrast of the practical fruits, exhibited in America, Europe, and Asia, of discipleship to him and to those you name. 6. Certainly, whenever the belief or disbelief concerns a subject involving moral truth. For a case in point, see Mark vii., 9–13.

1. What is the best exposition of Genesis, also of Exodus, in English, written from the view of modern scholarship? Give price. 2. When does the idea of the Devil first appear in Jewish literature? Is modern scholarship inclined to regard the Devil as the personification of the evil tendency which is in our nature? 3. Is Professor Carl Heinrich Cornill to be regarded as exact in Biblical scholarship and evangelical in spirit? 4. Give address of the Society for Psychical Research, and cost of membership therein. Is the investigation by this Society pursued in a real scientific spirit? N. S. B.

1. Dillman's Genesis (Scribners, New York, 2 volumes, $5). There is nothing so satisfactory on Exodus. Probably the Kalisch (Longmans, New York, about $3), is as good as any, but needs supplementing by Driver's "Introduction to Old Testament Literature." See also Bacon's "Triple Tradition of the Exodus" (Student Publishing Company, Hartford, $2.50). 2. In the post-exilic period, as in the Chronicles and Job, "Satan" comes upon the scene as the adversary of man. The question whether he is a person or a name for a personified principle does not seem settled in modern thought. 3. We regard him as an accomplished and conscientious scholar, and of a truly religious spirit, although some of the positions he maintains are not yet established. 4. Boylston Place, Boston; $5 per annum, which entitles to the Society's published Proceedings and Journal. Its scientific method is of the highest type.

1. Can you recommend any books on the study of the Prophetic and Apocalyptic Literature of the Bible? 2. Are there disputes in the Church as to the method of sanctification? Henry Drummond condemns the rules of Benjamin Franklin. What is peculiar in the method advocated by the "Keswick teaching"? J. G. M.

1. W. R. Smith's "Prophets of Israel;" G. A. Smith's "Book of Isaiah" and his "Book of the Twelve Prophets;" Cheyne on "Jeremiah; his Life and Times;" "Biblical Apocalyptics," by Dr. Terry (Methodist Book Concern). 2. Not at present among the Protestant Churches, but only between Protestants and Catholics. So recently as February 26 The Outlook discussed "the Keswick Movement" at length in an editorial. It is essentially Pauline in its emphasis upon "newness of life" as realized through spiritual fellowship with Christ. See the little books written by the Rev. F. B. Meyer (The Revell Company, New York).

I have long desired a brief but thoroughly reliable handbook on the Bible, giving in a sweep the very important things which a class of young men and women ought to know about that "best of all books." Dr. Angus's work is too full for the half-hour lectures which I wish to give my classes. Will you kindly name the best book on the subject, and price of same. M. H. W.

Professor W. H. Bennett's "Primer of the Bible" (Holt, New York, about $1.25) is the best book of outlines, such as you seem to require. With this you will probably find Hitchcock's "Questions and Answers about the Bible" (Whittaker, New York, 50 cents) quite helpful to your class.

Kindly suggest the titles (if possible with publishers) of a few plays suitable for presentation by a Church Young People's Association. Something not too long and not too hard is preferred. A. H. H.

Write to French, publisher, 26 West Twenty-second Street, New York, who publishes cheap editions of a variety of short and amusing plays that have been presented by school and college classes. Mr. French will willingly indicate those that are fittest for your purpose.

Can you inform me whether Mr. A. S. Crapsey, of St. Andrew's, Rochester, N. Y., is a High Church adherent? I have heard him preach, but have never seen him conduct a service. I am told that he is an extremist in the use of the ritual, but cannot believe it, judging from his discourses. K. J. R.

A judicious correspondent in Rochester speaks of him as regarded there as an exponent of High Church views and ritualistic usages, yet not as an extremist, and as being also "an earnest, genial, and helpful man."

What is the value of a "History of the Christian Church" by Dr. Charles Hase? Can you recommend any work on church history of greater worth for the home student of theology with college training? A. B.

For your purpose we should recommend Fisher's "History of the Christian Church" (Scribners, $3.50). Hase's is a work of great merit, concise in description, and mediating in its theological view. It belongs to

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the past rather than to the present generation, its ninth edition dating from 1867.

Dr. Luther Gulick, of Springfield (Mass.), and of the International Young Men's Christian Association Training-School, writes as follows:

If there are those among the readers of The Outlook, in any countries outside of North America and Great Britain, who will assist me in some investigations I am making in regard to the mental and moral significance of play, will they kindly forward their names and addresses to Dr. Luther Gulick, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.?

If "E. E.," in The Outlook for October 29, will address Miss A. S. Allen, 652 North Thirty-fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., full information of St. James's Periodical Club for distributing papers and magazines will be cheerfully given.

A. S. A.

"E. E." asks for information concerning the supply of literature. By addressing Church Periodical Club, Church Mission House, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, New York, N. Y., he will obtain the desired information.

S.

Bits of Fun

Good old times are here again;
Cannon cease their rude refrain;
Pugilists come forth and dare
Men to fight them anywhere;
Type that told of war we see
Mentioning Mrs. Fluffkin's tea;
Anecdotes that thrived of yore
Lift their honored heads once more.

Each Rough Rider calms his zeal;
Sells his horse and buys a wheel;
Politicians pause to note
News from the New England vote;
Baseball people tell with cheer
What the club will do next year:
Every item makes it plain,
Good old times are here again.

—*Washington Star.*

Irascible Lieutenant (down engine-room tube)—Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube? Voice from the engine-room—Not at this end, sir.—*Punch.*

One of the Last Straws.—First Horse—I'm afraid we're getting to be back numbers. Second Horse—Sure! Why, I see that in Cuba even the cavalry fought on foot.—*Puck.*

Suspicious.—Nephew (to rich uncle, who has fallen down stairs)—I hope you are not hurt. Uncle—Oh, you do, do you? You know very well that I must be either hurt or dead.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Scripture examination was being held recently in an English school, the lesson being Elijah offering up a sacrifice on Mount Carmel. As the children looked like good scholars, the inspector gave them a question, saying, "Now, you have told me that Elijah put the bullock on the altar. Why did he put water round the altar?" The children looked amazed, except one little boy, who stood up and said: "Please, sir, to make the gravy."—*Exchange.*

"What did Colonel Stilwell say about the brandied peaches we sent to cheer his convalescence?" "He said he was afraid he wasn't strong enough to eat the fruit," replied the little girl, "but that he appreciated the spirit in which it was sent."—*Washington Star.*

"Come and dine with us to-morrow," said the old fellow who had made his money and wanted to push his way into society. "Sorry," replied the elegant man, "I can't. I'm going to see 'Hamlet.'" "That's all right," said the hospitable old gentleman; "bring him with you."—*Tit-Bits.*

A Close Approximation.—In 1864, in Memphis, in a refugee school that I visited while chaplain in the army, the Bible lesson was John xv., "I am the vine, and my Father is the husbandman." One little fellow recited it thus, "I am the vine, and my father is a married man."—*American Missionary.*

They are telling the story that William M. Evarts was going up once in the elevator at the State Department which was loaded with applicants for the ministerships and consulships. Turning to a friend who accompanied him, Mr. Evarts said: "This is the largest collection for foreign missions that I have seen taken up for some time."—*Exchange.*

"You will observe," said a teacher, "that the higher the altitude attained the colder the temperature becomes." "But isn't it warmer up in the mountains?" asked the youth at the foot of the class. "Certainly not," replied the professor. "Why do you think it would be warmer there?" "I thought the atmosphere was heated by the mountain ranges," answered the youngster.—*Chicago News.*

Not long ago, according to a London paper, a bishop was riding on a tram-car, and when the conductor approached for the fare he proceeded to dive for his copper. Whether it was that the coin was hard to find or that the expression on the Bishop's face as he searched for it was one suggestive of regret that tram-rides have to be paid for is uncertain, but a navvy sitting near suddenly rose, slapped him on the shoulder, and said: "All right, guv'nor, I'm going to stand treat." That innocent navvy thought the Bishop was "broke."—*Tribune.*

The following incident happened at one of the "catecheesms" which are held periodically in Scotland for all the members of the kirk of a certain district. "The lesson was in Ecclesiastes," says Mr. Johnston; "and one day they had been discussing the verse in which Solomon says, 'Among a thousand men I have found one, but among a thousand women I have found not one,' meaning one just and good and upright. And an old Scotchwoman, when she had listened in silence and heard the rest accept it as present and gospel truth, got her dander up, and rose to her feet. 'Hoot!' she said, indignantly, her eyes blazing. 'Do you find why that was? It was because nae dacent woman wad be seen in his company!'"—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

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For the Little People

How the Rabbit Saved His Hind Foot

By Jennie H. Rogers

From some of the buildings in the Old Soldiers' Home of Virginia one can look across a creek to a cemetery where during the Civil War the soldiers who died in a hospital near by were buried. A high stone wall surrounds the cemetery, and between the rear wall and the creek is a thicket of vines, bushes, and grasses, so impenetrable that, though in plain sight of the road, partridges and rabbits live there in perfect safety. Early in the morning they venture out into the fields near by in search of food, but do not go far from their shelter, and scurry back if anything alarms them. This spring one rabbit discovered that some peas were growing in a portion of the field quite remote from his home. He was not sharp enough to see that a house had been built there, and that these peas were in a garden near the house. Thinking only how good the peas were, he grew very bold and went in the daytime, instead of early dawn, and became quite careless. This fun was all ended by a most exciting adventure, and if he could tell his family about it, I am sure his story would be like this:

"Oh dear! oh dear! how little you folks know of what I have been through!

"You know I have been telling you of some nice fresh peas I found up above here. Well, I was having such a good time there this morning, eating as fast as I could, when I heard a noise and looked up to see close by me a woman, staring straight at me.

"For a moment I could not move. Then she started towards me and I ran.

"In my excitement I forgot to turn around and run for home, but started straight off in the wrong direction.

"I heard laughing and screaming behind me, and knew that children were after me, so I took my longest leaps, only to find myself in a yard where a man and a dog stood waiting for me.

"I dodged them both and ran down a road, then through a field, and saw ahead of me four men ready to catch me whichever way I dodged.

"But I eluded them all, and ran straight through an open door into a big mill, and there they caught me.

"Yes, that's so; they caught me, and held me until the man who had chased me so far came up and took me in his arms. He carried me back across the field to the yard where I was eating peas. Three little girls stood there crying and screaming, 'Oh, don't let any one kill him to get his left hind foot.'

"You see, they had heard people tell how they thought it good luck to wear a rabbit's left hind foot.

"The man laughed, and said they could have me for a pet. So their mamma put me in a little chicken-coop, and the children gave me water and cabbage-leaves.

"But I was too scared to move, and sat still while they watched me. Then they went away, and their mamma came and loosened a slat; so when it was all quiet I just pushed against it and out I fell, and then didn't I jump up and run! And that's the way I saved my left hind foot."

Toddle-toes

By Herbert Randall

I wonder if the little folks
  Have heard about the hen
Who had nine downy little chicks
  And one duck, making ten.
The chickens all could run and jump
  With nimble, airy grace,
But Toddle-toes just waddled 'round,
  And always sought a place
Where he could sit on something cool,
  Or paddle in the wet;
And every morning when it rained
  He managed to forget
The breakfast call for half an hour,
  Then wished he hadn't heard,
For mashed potatoes mixed with meal
  Was not what he preferred.
When all the family convened
  Beneath their mother's wing,
And poked their heads out all around
  To hear the crickets sing,
Poor Toddle had to twist his neck
  To find room for his bill;
And then, when everybody laughed,
  His mother clucked, "Be still!"
And made him put his head inside;
  And truly, I suppose
'Twas trouble, trouble all the time
  For little Toddle-toes.
But this was most pathetic:

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Before they dropped to sleep,
When all piped up a little prayer,
Poor Toddle couldn't peep.
Well, so it went, until one day
Poor little Toddle-toes
Went off and found a summer brook,
And everybody knows
What happened there: O such a time!
'Twas Sunday morning then;
The church bells rang; the roosters crowed;
And that old speckled hen
Searched through the weeds and everywhere,
With such a troubled look,
Until she found her Toddle-toes
A-swimming in the brook!
She took him home, and spanked him hard,
And all the little chicks
Cried, "Go and dry your stockings now,
You little Toddle-sticks!"

That night, when all were sleeping,
And dews had fallen, wet,
Poor little Toddle waddled off—
They haven't found him yet!

The Messenger-Boy

A district messenger-boy, not very large, was sent with a telegram to one of the transports going to Cuba from New York. He was given a reply. He did not know what the message would cost, so he carried it to the office, and was sent back to collect the money from the sender on the transport. When he returned to the transport, everything was in a state of hurry and confusion.

This small boy did not know the ways of boats about going to sea, so he ran fearlessly up the gang-plank, and hurried about to find the man who was to pay for the telegram. While he was searching he felt a motion. He was paralyzed; the boat was moving! He hurried on deck, to see a great sheet of water between the boat and the dock. His mother, his home, the company with its rules, the loss of his work, and Cuba! There was war in that small boy's mind. How he wanted to keep still and go! But there was so much to leave. He turned and faced the officer who sent the message.

"I must have the money, and I must get ashore," said the small boy, bravely. "I must get back to the office."

The officer was puzzled. After a minute's thought he disappeared, leaving the small boy in a tremor of hope and fear. If they could not put him ashore, there was Cuba; but there were his mother and the children, and no wages. He must get ashore. The boat was far out in the stream, and headed toward the bay.

He heard voices calling and answering. A tugboat came alongside. The officer hurried, took the small boy by the shoulder, and gave him orders about getting over the side of the boat and aboard the tug. In a few minutes he found himself on a pier, and ran with all his might to the office. He was two hours late, and the superintendent was angry. The boy told his story, and paid the money for the telegrams.

"Well done," said the superintendent. "I shall remember you."

The other boys are longing for a call from a boat bound for Cuba. Some say they will stay on board and see something of the world. Johnny says, "Wait till you see the water between you and the dock; you will feel different."

The Unenlisted Members of the Crew

I am sure you will agree with me that a war-ship was a very strange place on which to find a goat and a fawn; but that was where I found them.

The fawn, a native of Porto Rico, was standing in a corner below deck, with a dainty nose resting on the shoulder of a sailor laddie who was sitting on the floor writing on a valise lying on its side. The moment the strangers appeared the fawn darted away and took refuge in the gun-room, peeking out between a stack of guns. Perhaps he had been on board the Brooklyn long enough to learn to have faith in the protection of a gun. We started after him, but the moment we moved toward him he went into the corner, running under one of the big guns, and where there were a number of guns closely stacked in front of him. The goat, covered with a worked blanket, stood in a quiet, dignified manner, as a goat should who has been through the war on board a victorious ship. She eyed us all as if she were conscious of the dignified position she must maintain. Besides, she had been decorated. The people of Brooklyn decided to present medals to the crew of the cruiser named after the city. The goat was brought to the armory where the presentation took place, but, alas! no medal was prepared for the goat. She was not entirely neglected, for one of the ladies decorated the goat with her ribbon badge, bearing the cruiser's name.

"I tell you, ma'am, that goat ought to have

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a medal," said one of the sailors; "she was just human in that Santiago affair. She stayed right down below, not because she was afraid, but she knew her place. After it was over, and we was quiet, that goat went from one of her friends to the other, saying as plain, 'That was a bully fight; we gave it to 'em.' Yes'm, she deserves a medal."

The goat on the cruiser New York wears four medals. The other day we asked why the goat and the fawn were below deck. "Because they likes to be with us," said the boy sailor. "They can go anywhere, but they likes to be with us best," and he patted the goat lovingly. The fawn was captured in Porto Rico by one of the crew, and plays like a kitten with the men. Both are the objects of loving attention.

The Home Club

The Women's Colleges

The annual meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ recently held in Philadelphia revealed the strength of the organization and the earnest spirit animating its members. The catholicity of its purpose is shown in the diversity of its interests. The membership is almost two thousand, scattered all over the country, and these members, organized in local branches, are pursuing different lines of work. The reports show that the college woman is a power for good in many fields, but it also reveals that she is not satisfied with the product of education anywhere. This dissatisfaction is shown in many ways. It is healthful, because its aim is constructive; it seeks to build, not to destroy. The cry is for more education beginning with the beginnings of life.

The leading topic of this meeting was "College Curricula," and the discussion was opened by a paper, "Shall the College Courses be Modified for Women?" As has been stated in our news columns, the discussion was carried on by the leading women educators of the country; women who know the problems of higher education for women on every side.

The question is one of vital importance, and reduces itself to this: Shall the colleges present a course for women that will especially fit them for the fields of occupation that engage the energies and functions of most women—those of wife and mother, home-maker and child-trainer? Shall the money-making profession have an advantage in the colleges over the nation-making professions? Shall the girl in college be able to lay a foundation for any profession except the one of all others to which she is assigned by nature? It was admitted that the education of a boy did not present all the problems that a girl's education presented. He had one destiny before him—that of taking a man's place in the world. The girl might have to carve her own business or professional success as truly as the boy; or she might never have to face the question of bread-earning. She might find one of her most serious problems to be bread-making, and her college training to be of little, if any, value in solving it, because she had not taken the right electives.

The extremes of opinion were represented. One speaker doubted the wisdom of introducing pedagogy in the college course, because it was specific training, and the tendency of the special training was to narrow the sympathies. The purpose of college training was to broaden and strengthen the mind; let the specialization come after the college course. The technical schools could give the special training better than the college; specialization was not a college function.

This extreme view had, and will always have, or at least for many years, its advocates, but the trend of thought is toward some recognition, in the courses presented in the women's colleges, of the home and child-training field of occupation open to all college women, and accepted by one-half at least. There is no sex in education, it is true, but we are not educating education, but boys and girls. Sex is the fundamental fact in animate nature—as controlling a fact in education as the brain itself; and in so far as it is ignored as though not existing is education defective, no matter how broad its culture.

The social side of college life for women was presented in one paper which was discussed privately by several women interested in that side of the college life of woman. Here there is quite as large a field for discussion. There seems to be one conviction—namely, that the social side of college life of

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women is defective, but the remedies suggested by the speakers were many.

The Education of Babies

There has never been issued a more enthusiastic appeal for the establishment of kindergartens than is made in "The Lost Waif, or Social Quarantine," by Horace Fletcher, the author of "Menticulture" and "Happiness."

The ready response of the people of this country to the need of Cuba, when once the Government had declared her needs, is contrasted with the people's indifference to the needs of our children who, because of their environment, are accepted as the "have-to-be-bad," by the vast majority of the citizens of the United States. The aim of the "Social Quarantine" is to protect every child born under adverse conditions by the establishment of "character-building or habit-forming schools." The author refers to the virtue in the National character which waged a war in defense of a weaker nation, and contrasts this virtue with "the fact that childhood has no assured protection in the United States between birth and six or seven years." The duty of the Nation is to rise to its opportunity, and establish nurseries and schools for the care of children during these years, that nowhere shall a neglected child be found. It is interesting to note, in connection with this idea, advanced with such enthusiasm, that within a month, at the suggestion of Dr. W. H. Maxwell, Superintendent of Schools in New York, the idea of establishing kindergartens in every block in the crowded section of the city by the Board of Education has been favorably considered.

The salvation of the children lies at the foundation of National progress. This country has grasped this idea. The need of better training for little children is acknowledged by all responsible citizens. The Social Quarantine may never be established by organization with members known as "Quarantinists," as against the indifferent to the Nation's good known as the "Neglectists," but the cumulated sentiment and energy of the people of this Nation is every year toward more and better schools, differentiated to meet the mental characteristics of the children. We are coming to recognize, with the author of "The Lost Waif, or Social Quarantine," that "every infant mentality that is born into this world is a seed from the Creator, folded in a tiny human casing, but bearing an important divine message relative to the progress of human civilization toward Godlike ideals." We are learning that if the sums annually expended in protecting society from criminals were invested in the education of the children who become criminals through neglect, the National character would to that degree change, and freedom of opportunity be given to all.

The Right of Children

The purpose of education is character, and character is the accretions of daily practice of the mind. For this reason education begins with birth and ends with the going out of intelligence. The education that counts for most is that which develops every faculty until its highest function is attained. This is possible only where every opportunity is given to each faculty to play its part in the life of the soul. To give this freedom is the mother's difficult part. Even in morals there must be liberty of choice if the moral nature is to be trained. In childhood there is a choice between right and wrong which belongs to the child; not to give this right is to defraud the child. Parents who decide the moral affairs of the little children given to them will find that as these children come to maturity the flabby will offers but little protection against environment. In the record recently published of the lives of two sisters the father was venerated as his wisdom and gentleness deserved. One of his characteristics which the daughters in their maturity recognized as that which was of greatest help to them was his demand for an immediate choice, and the compelling of adhering to that choice when made. This resulted in training the mind to act quickly, and, having acted, to spend its energies in accomplishing. There was no time wasted in bewailing, bemoaning a decision.

A child should be compelled to decide all the minor matters that affect his own life. His likes and dislikes should be treated with courtesy and respect. If his decisions are contrary to his ultimate good, it is worth while to spend the time to convince him, if possible. Compulsion is the first resort of tyrants.

To decide questions presented because the child is too lazy to use his own mind, or, as is frequently the case, because he desires to be the central thought of a mother's mind, is to do the child the cruelest injustice. The day comes when he must stand alone; when his dependence on those about him will be the largest obstruction to his finding his place among his peers,

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